THE PROGRESS OF ROMANCE,

THROUGH

TIMES, COUNTRIES, AND MANNERS;

WITH

REMARKS

ON THE

GOOD AND BAD EFFECTS OF IT,

ON THEM RESPECTIVELY;

IN A COURSE OF

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.

By *C. R.*

Author of the ENGLISH BARON, The TWO MENTORS, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

It hath bene through all ages ever ſeene,
That with the praiſe of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie ſtill hath ioyned beene,
And that for reaſons ſpeciall privitee,
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me ſeemes moſt fit the faire to ſerve,
That can her beſt defend from villenie.
And ſhe moſt fit his ſervice doth deſerve,
That faireſt is, and from her faith will never ſwerve.

SPENCER's Faery Queen. Book 4. Canto 5. Stanza 1.

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M,DCC,LXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROGRESS OF ROMANCE.

EVENING IX.

Hortenſius, Sophronia, Euphraſia.

Euph. AT our laſt meeting, I mentioned ſome difficulties I apprehended in my progreſs, as I ſhould come nearer to the preſent times, and I muſt now confeſs, upon reflexion they increaſe.

Hort. Communicate them to your friends, and depend upon our beſt aſſiſtance, to obviate or at leaſt to abate them.

Soph. I ſincerely wiſh it may be in my power to lighten the taſk to you.

Euph. We have hitherto travelled through theſe enchanted regions of fiction with tolerable eaſe and ſafety.—But as we advance further, new dangers await us every ſtep we ſet.—We may tread upon ſerpents that may

riſe and ſting us ; or we may rouſe a hornet's neſt that may ſtun us with its noiſe, or wound us with its deadly weapons.

Soph. Take us with you however, that we may know how to defend you.—Explain to us thoſe dangers which perhaps are only ideal.

Euph. Alas, you will acknowledge the reality of them preſently!—The reputation of dead Authors is aſcertained, and we may ſpeak of their works with freedom and ſafety; but it is not ſo with living ones, we ſhall ſay too much or too little, either for them, or ourſelves.—As we advance, they multiply upon us, till they become a formidable army.

Soph. Let us meet them with the Olive in our hands, and promiſe to crown with laurels, thoſe who beſt deſerve to wear them.

Euph. And who will think they do not deſerve them ?

Hort. Take courage *Euphraſia!* with truth and candour on your ſide, you will make friends, who will be able and willing to defend you.

Euph.

Euph. With truth and candour on each ſide, that is yourſelf and *Sophronia*, I will endeavour to go forward warily and circumſpectly.—Firſt then, I ſhall only ſpeak of the moſt capital works of the kind, therefore I ſhall have a demand for praiſe more than cenſure.—Secondly, I ſhall ſpeak *briefly* to their merits, and only enlarge upon thoſe moſt celebrated.—And thirdly, I ſhall fortify my own opinions, by the judgment of others of ſuperior authority.

Hort. Since you have divided your head ſo methodically, give me leave to add another.—Fourthly, we will (*én dernier reſort*) conſult thoſe infallible judges the *Reviewers*, as good Catholics do the Pope, and let them decide, where we deſire to be excuſed.

Euph. I thank you for that thought,—it will lighten my labour, and relieve my apprehenſions,—we will appeal occaſionally to the moſt candid and impartial of them, *viz.*—The *Monthly Reviewers*.

Soph. No more diſqualifying, *Euphraſia*.—*Hortenſius*, no more ſub-diviſion,—let me beg you

you to proceed, and not to abbreviate as you threaten us.

Hort. Come on then.—Let us *view* and *Review* your liſt, *Euphraſia.*

Euph. The *Female Quixote* was publiſhed in the year 1752.—In this ingenious work the paſſion for the French Romances of the laſt Century, and the effect of them upon the manners, is finely expoſed and ridiculed.—The Author of it is ſince well known as one of the diſtinguiſhed female writers this age has produced among us—Mrs. *Lennox.*

Soph. That circumſtance is ſo well known, that I ſhall not be thought to detract from her merit, if I venture to remark, that the Satire of the *Female Quixote* ſeems in great meaſure to have loſt its aim, becauſe at the time it firſt appeared, the taſte for thoſe Romances was extinct, and the books exploded.

Euph. Your remark is juſt,—this book came thirty or forty years too late.—But Mrs. *Lennox*'s character is eſtabliſhed upon works of a ſuperior kind, which are above our retroſpect, though we can only ſpeak here of her Novels.

—She

—She wrote two others, one called *Henrietta*, and the other *Sophia*—both of indiſputable merit.

Hort. You are in the right, Ladies.—Romances at this time were quite out of faſhion, and the preſs groaned under the weight of Novels, which ſprung up like Muſhrooms every year.

Euph. They did but now begin to increaſe upon us, but ten years more multiplied them tenfold. Every work of merit produced a ſwarm of imitators, till they became a public evil, and the inſtitution of circulating libraries, conveyed them in the cheapeſt manner to every body's hand.

Hort. I rejoice that you do not defend Circulating libraries,—if you had, I would have fought againſt them with more ſucceſs, than I have met with hitherto, when I have been your opponent.

Euph. I am entirely of your opinion, they are one ſource of the vices and follies of our preſent times; and we ſhall have occaſion to ſay more of them when we come to draw inferences

ferences from the effects of novel-reading upon the manners.

Hort. They have been well ridiculed in Mr. *Colman*'s farce called *Polly Honeycombe.*

Euph. In ſome reſpects, but the Satire would have been much ſtronger and the moral more commendable, if he had not exhibited the parents as objects of Ridicule; which ſpoils the effect, and puts it upon a footing with too many other dramatic pieces upon the ſame plan.

Soph. I am delighted with your remark, and have often been offended with this dramatic error: it is ſo general that moſt of the plays ſeem calculated to teach our youth, that they are wiſer than their parents, and that they may ſafely deceive and ridicule them.

Hort. You ſay true, there is hardly a play where one does not meet with theſe abſolute children and undutiful parents, and the poets always take care to puniſh the latter, and reward the former.

Euph. This likewiſe is one of the evils of our times; but we will not enlarge upon it here, as it is foreign to our preſent ſubject.

Soph.

Soph. I beg your pardon!—undutiful parents and arbitrary children are as frequently found in Novels as upon the ſtage, and the remark is equally proper upon both kinds of writing.

Euph. I cannot deny it.—But I ſhall neither applaud, nor recommend any that have a tendency to weaken the reſpect due to parents; for upon that depends in a great meaſure the education of youth, their introduction into life, and indeed all the ſocial and domeſtic virtues.

Hort. It was I that led you into this uſeful obſervation:—I do not repent it, nor will I reckon the time as loſt.

Euph. Let us however return into our proper track,—You will allow me to ſpeak of the works of the ſame Author together, though publiſhed at conſiderable intervals of time, to relieve my memory, and becauſe you may have them all in view at one time.

Hort. Certainly,—we can make no objection.

Euph. Whenever you recollect any books of this kind that are worthy of our notice, and that are not mentioned in my notes, you will oblige me by reminding me of them.

Hort. I will then put you in mind that Dr. *Smollet* was a novel writer.

Euph. Dr. *Smollet*'s Novels abound with wit, and humour, which ſome Critics think is carried beyond the limits of probability; all his characters are overcharged, and he has exhibited ſome ſcenes that are not proper for all readers; but upon the whole, his works are of a moral tendency, their titles are *Roderick Random*—*Peregrine Pickle*—*Sir Lancelot Greaves*—*Ferdinand Count Fathom*—*Adventures of an Atom.*—Many years after theſe he gave the public another, in no reſpect inferior, and in ſome ſuperior to them all, called *Humphry Clinker.*

Hort. Honeſt *Humphry* is an acquaintance of mine, and he is really a pleaſant fellow.—But as you ſay many of the characters are *outrée.*

Euph.

Euph. Then you do condeſcend to read Novels ſometimes, eſpecially when they are written by men?

Hort. Spare your raillery,—it was *Romances* that I made war againſt, and you have taught me to make the proper diſtinction.

Euph. I never meant to animadvert upon ſuch books as were capable of affording you rational entertainment, it is only the Cynical cenſurers of them that I reflect upon.—I will mention another novel writer of your ſex, with a Dr. prefixed to his name likewiſe.—Dr. *Shebbeare*'s Novels have ſpirit, humour, and morality, but their merits have great abatements, on the ſcore of party virulence, and private ſpleen.—His firſt Novel was called the *Marriage-act*, which gave offence to thoſe who had a hand in compoſing that *famous Act*, which makes an unfortunate *Æra* in our manners. Whether he was proſecuted, or what other motive obliged him to alter the Title I never could learn, but the ſecond Edition is called *Matrimony*—the other Novel is *Lydia—or filial Piety.*

Hort.

Hort. It ſeems you diſlike that *famous Act*, as much as *Shebbeare?*

Euph. I only read its motives, by its conſequences, it is from this Æra, that we have ſeen the manners of the women of our country reflect diſgrace upon it.—Trials of a certain kind, and Divorces in conſequence, were very rare before that Period, and alas, too common ever ſince! I reaſon from facts, and they are ſtubborn things.

Hort. I am afraid there is too much truth in your remark,—our manners are indeed on the decline, and there needs no Act of Parliament to diſcourage marriage.

Euph. You are leading me away from my ſubject again.—I will look over my notes, and gather up the clue to our further progreſs. —I find the *Card* mentioned as a work of merit, it is an imitation of the different ſtyles of our moſt eminent Novel-writers, it has wit, humour, and ſentiment—If I am rightly informed, it is the work of a Clergyman whoſe name was ſince much vilified; but as there is

no

no name prefixed to the book, I have no buſineſs to declare it.

Pompey the Little—a book much read and admired, the Author likewiſe choſe to remain unknown. It is a work of more than common merit.

Peter Wilkins—a work of Originality and Morality, I ſhall ſpeak of it under a ſeparate claſs.

Soph. I ſee you are determined to keep up to your laſt regulation, and you abridge with a vengeance.

Euph. I ſhall do ſo for the moſt part, but I will next mention a book, that will oblige me to enlarge, and perhaps I may exerciſe your patience.—I am going to ſpeak of *Roſſeau*'s new *Eloiſa*.

Hort. Aye, truly that will afford an ample ſubject for Criticiſm; let us hear what you can ſay upon it, *Euphraſia*.

Euph. It is dangerous to criticiſe a work that has been ſo much, and ſo juſtly admired. —It is a book that ſpeaks to the heart, and engages that in its behalf, and when reflexion comes

comes afterwards, and reaſon takes up the reins, we diſcover that it is dangerous and improper for thoſe for whoſe uſe it is chiefly intended, for young perſons.

Hort. I expect a more particular examination of it, and a proof of your aſſertion.

Euph. It ſhall then be in the words of another, as uſual, *Hortenſius.*

Voltaire's *Prophecy* is at once the moſt juſt and ſevere Satire upon it.—I have an extract of juſt ſo much of it as is requiſite to my preſent purpoſe, and in his opinion I give my own, expreſſed to the utmoſt advantage.

Hort. I muſt bear with this extract, as I have with many others, but, I reſerve the liberty of replying to it.

Euph. That is but juſt, liſten to *Voltaire.*

—" The Author of this book like thoſe Em-
" pirics who make wounds on purpoſe
" to ſhew the virtues of their Balſams, poi-
" ſons our ſouls for the glory of curing them.
" And this poiſon will act violently on the
" underſtanding and on the heart, and the
" antidote will act on the underſtanding only,

and

" and the poiſon will triumph in the heart.—
" And he will boaſt of having opened a gulph,
" and he will think he ſaves himſelf from
" blame by crying out—Woe be to the young
" girls that fall into it!—and he will ſay, I have
" warned you againſt it in my preface, and
" young girls never read prefaces.—And he
" will ſay by way of excuſe for writing a
" book that inſpires vice, that he lives in an
" age wherein it is impoſſible to be virtuous.
" —And to juſtify himſelf, he will ſlander
" the whole world, and threaten with his
" contempt all thoſe who do not approve
" his book.—And every body ſhall wonder,
" how with a ſoul ſo pure and virtuous, he
" could compoſe a book that is ſo much the
" reverſe,—and many who believed in him
" ſhall believe in him no more."

Hort. Poor *John James Rouſſeau!* ſurely thy brother *Voltaire* is too ſevere upon thee, not conſidering his own flights and vagaries!

Euph. Will you undertake to defend him?

Hort. I will do like you, when your favourites are attacked, I will extenuate his faults.—

I will

I will conſider *Rouſſeau* as a Philoſopher and a virtuous man; he is neither a libertine nor an encourager of looſe morals, and upon your own principles, he is not anſwerable for the bad effects of his works.

Euph. A man cannot compoſe an amorous Novel without intending it.

Hort. Perhaps his deſign may be miſunderſtood and miſconſtrued.

Rouſſeau ſaw that the women on the Continent, while maidens, paid due reſpect to their honour and character, but as ſoon as they were married they entertained all the world, and encouraged gallants; of the two evils he thought a ſingle perſon's indulging a criminal paſſion, of leſs pernicious conſequence to ſociety, than a married woman who commits adultery:—upon this principle he wrote this book.—He puts the character of a woman who encourages lovers after marriage, in oppoſition to one who having committed the greateſt fault before marriage, repents, and recovers her principles.—He inforces the ſanctity of the marriage vow, he ſets the breach

breach of it in a light to ſhock every conſiderate mind, he ſhews that where it is broken, nothing but hatred and diſguſt ſucceeds; the confidence a man ſhould place in his wife, the tenderneſs he ſhould feel for his offspring, is deſtroyed, and nothing remains but infamy and miſery.

If *Rouſſeau* intended by this work to give a check to this ſhameful intercourſe of the ſexes, ſo frequently practiſed on the Continent, under the ſpecious name of gallantry, he is to be commended; and if it produced effects he did not foreſee, he ought to be excuſed.

Euph. I am ſure *Rouſſeau* is much obliged to your ſenſible and polite apology for his *Eloiſe*. But after all the objections remain. It is a dangerous book to put into the hands of youth, it awakens and nouriſhes thoſe paſſions, which it is the exerciſe of Reaſon, and of Religion alſo, to regulate, and to keep within their true limits. On this account I have often wiſhed that the two firſt Volumes of *Eloiſe*, could be abridged and altered, ſo as to render them

them conſiſtent with the unexceptionable morals of the two laſt.—I thought it might be poſſible to give a different turn to the ſtory, and to make the two Lovers, ſtop ſhort of the act that made it criminal in either party to marry another, for were they not *actually wedded* in the ſight of heaven? and could *Eloiſe*, with any pretenſions to virtue, or to delicacy, give herſelf to another man?

If this inſuperable objection was removed, then might the Lovers renew their friendſhip with honour and dignity on both ſides, then might the huſband in full confidence in his wife's principles, invite her friend, and even leave them together without appearing ſo juſtly-ridiculous in his conduct as he now does to impartial judges.

Hort. I like your plan, and adviſe you to make this alteration yourſelf.

Euph. You muſt excuſe me, Sir,—I have not yet the preſumption to attempt it, or to think myſelf able to do juſtice to *Rouſſeau* in ſuch an alteration.—It muſt remain as it is, it has done all the miſchief in its power to

the

the youth of this generation; and the worſt part of it is, that thoſe who write only for depraved and corrupted minds, dare appeal to *Rouſſeau* as a precedent.

Hort. In that light I ſee the bad effects of it manifeſtly, and I believe that *Rouſſeau* himſelf would be concerned for them;—but what will you ſay of his *Emilius?*

Euph. Nearly the ſame as of the other,—it may do ſome good, but I am afraid much more harm. The diſcuſſion of its merits and defects would lead me too far from the preſent ſubject, eſpecially as it does not properly belong to this claſs of writing.—*Rouſſeau* is a whimſical and chimerical writer, with great beauties and great blemiſhes, and I am convinced he did not really intend to hurt the principles or morals of mankind.

Hort. You do him barely juſtice; but can you ſay ſo much of *Voltaire* who ſo cruelly ſcourges him?

Euph. No truly.—He never miſſes an opportunity of ſhewing his wit, and his malignity, likewiſe, againſt Revelation; and in doing injury

injury to Religion, he injures the rights and the happineſs of ſociety.

Soph. It is pleaſant to ſee theſe Freethinkers and free ſpeakers, throwing dirt at each other:—to ſee the Author of *Candide* taking exceptions at the character of *Wolmar*.

Hort. Your remark is good, and reminds me of a vulgar proverb, "When knaves "quarrel, honeſt men recover their own."—Thus a Chriſtian may know what confidence to place in the enemies of his religion.—But pray give us your opinion of *Candide?*

Euph. Not I indeed, let the *men* do it.—Pray *Hortenſius* look for what the Reviewers ſay of it.

Hort. Here I have it,—*Monthly Review*, 1761—"*Candide, or, All for the beſt.*—An "abſurd improbable tale, written with an ap-"parent view to depreciate not only human "nature, but the wiſdom and goodneſs of "the Supreme Being; and ridicule his pro-"vidence under that generally received and "worthily adopted principle—All for the "beſt."—Gramercy Meſſrs. the Reviewers, I ſubſcribe

I ſubſcribe to your ſentence with all my heart.

Euph. *Hortenſius* you have led me to ſpeak of *Voltaire*'s works, which I would rather have avoided: his wit is indiſputable, but wit is only a ſecondary merit; and when it is abuſed and made an inſtrument to do miſchief, it becomes deteſtable.

Hort. It was impoſſible to avoid ſpeaking of him as a writer of eminence in your walk, —and will you ſay nothing more of his Novels?

Euph. Nothing.—I do not wiſh to recommend them, they will always be found by thoſe, who think it worth their while to ſeek them.

Soph. Let us leave them to their admirers. —It is time for you to purſue your journey, and to mention other writers.

Euph. Or rather, it is time to ſeparate for this evening, the next time we meet, we muſt make quicker diſpatch, or this progreſs of ours, will be too long before it comes to an end.

Hort. I believe you will be tired the firſt of the party.

Euph. If I do not tire my hearers I ſhall be ſatisfied.—A good night to you.

EVENING

EVENING X.

Hortenſius, Sophronia, Euphraſia.

Euph. YOU are truly welcome, my friends —I receive you in my library, becauſe we ſhall want to have recourſe to our books.

Hort. Make me your Librarian, or employ me in ſome way as your aſſiſtant.

Euph. I make uſe of your permiſſion, pray take down the *Monthly Review* for the year 1761—and look for *Sidney Biddulph.*

Soph. This looks like doing buſineſs;—but pray do not transfer your taſk to the Reviewers.

Euph. Never fear, there will ſtill remain employment enough for me.

Hort. I have it here.—"In the work be-"fore us, the Author ſeems to have deſign-

"ed

"ed to draw tears from the reader by diſtreſ-
"ſing innocence and virtue as much as poſ-
"ſible.—Now though we are not ignorant
"that this may be a true picture of human
"life in ſome inſtances; yet we are of opi-
"nion that ſuch repreſentations are by no
"means calculated to encourage or promote
"virtue."

Euph. Stop there, if you pleaſe; I do not want the whole Article. I have in my notes an extract from the *Critical Review*, which will be a proper contraſt to the other.

"The deſign of this work is to prove that
"neither prudence, foreſight, nor even the
"beſt diſpoſition the human heart is capable
"of, are of themſelves ſufficient to defend
"us from the inevitable evils to which hu-
"man nature is liable.—Whether this infer-
"ence is favourable to the encouragement of
"virtue, we could not ſtop to enquire: we
"were ſo intereſted in the diſtreſs of *Sidney*
"*Biddulph*, and ſo abſorbed in the events of
"her life, that in ſhort, every arrow of Cri-
"ticiſm was unpointed.—Inſtead of think-
"ing

" ing theſe evils were allotted to her, we per-
" ceive that they aroſe from a want of know-
" ledge of the world, from too eaſy credu-
" lity, and from unſuſpecting innocence.—
" We can only wiſh that few of our read-
" ers may want her example to inſpire and
" direct them." You have heard the evidence on both ſides, and now I aſk *your* opinion, *Sophronia?*

Soph. I had rather you had given your own, but as you deſire it I will.—This book is a great favourite of mine, the Story is admirably told, and the language is ſo eaſy and natural that every thing ſeems real in it, and we ſorrow as for a well known and beloved friend; in my opinion it well deſerves the encomium the Critical Reviewers have given it.

Hort. It is worthy of obſervation, that laying aſide the dictatorial ſtyle of Cenſors, they ſpeak of it, as if it was a true hiſtory.—" In-
" ſtead of thinking theſe evils were *allotted* to
" her, we perceive that they *aroſe* from want
" of knowledge of the world, &c."—I cannot help ſmiling at it.

Euph.

Euph. Your obſervation is *deep* as well as *pleaſant*, perhaps there is not a better Criterion of the merit of a book, than our loſing ſight of the Author.

Hort. You have really converted my remark into ſolid value, and I readily agree to your criterion.

Soph. And ſo do I.—But I am miſtaken if *Euphraſia* had not a further meaning in applying to me for my opinion of this book.—I am fond of melancholy ſtories, and ſhe prefers thoſe that end happily; ſhe meant to oblige me to declare my ſentiments, and afterwards give her own; and then aſk you to decide upon them.

Euph. I find you know my meaning by my gaping.—I do really think that books of a gloomy tendency do much harm in this country, and eſpecially to young minds;—they ſhould be ſhewn the truth through the medium of chearfulneſs, and led to expect encouragement in the practice of the ſocial duties, and rewards for virtuous actions.

—If they ſhould be unfortunate, they will ſee the reverſe of the medal ſoon enough.

Hort. But will not the expectations of nothing but peace and happineſs, diſqualify them to ſuſtain the reverſe?

Euph. I ſhould think not.—The mind that is always ruminating upon the evils of life, will be apt to caſt every object into ſhade.

Soph. Authors of the firſt eminence have written upon both principles, and if your doctrine was to be followed, we ſhould have no Tragedies, and no pathetic ſtories.—What ſays *Hortenſius?*

Hort. There is much to be ſaid on both ſides; I do not preſume to decide upon the ſubject.—But for myſelf, I ſubſcribe to *Euphraſia*'s opinion, that virtue ſtands in need of every encouragement, conſidering the many trials we muſt encounter in her conſtant warfare.—That youth ſhould be led to expect the rewards of virtue in the preſent life, without loſing ſight of a better expectation hereafter: and this will be a powerful antidote againſt the unavoidable evils of life.—

Virtue

Virtue ſhould always be repreſented in the moſt beautiful and amiable light, capable of attracting the hearts of her votaries, and of rewarding every ſacrifice they can make to her:—but in truth there are too many moraliſts (and I might add divines,) who repreſent her in ſo auſtere and diſguſting a manner, as to diſcourage and frighten her pupils away from her preſence.

Soph. Give me leave to mention one more book of this kind, which has been univerſally read and applauded.—*Raſſelas Prince of Abyſſinia.*

Euph. I have not forgotten *Raſſelas*, I aſſure you, but I intended to place him in a different claſs.—However as he is upon the table, let us hear what the Reviewers ſay of him?

Hort. "This book (ſay they) was generally read and approved, the invention and "language are worthy of the Author, (Dr. "*Johnſon*) nevertheleſs it leaves the mind "gloomy and diſſatisfied.—The inferences "that happineſs is always in proſpect and

" never attainable, is ſo diſcouraging a truth,
" *if it be one*, that it ought rather to be con-
" cealed, or at leaſt ſoftened to us.—Inſtead
" of directing our purſuits, it tends to keep
" us in a ſtate of total inaction, whereas we
" want to be excited to activity, and made to
" expect our happineſs in doing our duty,
" rather than to encourage us to remain in a
" ſtate of inactivity and indolence."

Soph. It is clearly againſt me, and I muſt give up the point, rather than detain you any longer on the ſubject.

Euph. Not ſo my friend,—every one has a right to chooſe his books, and to judge for himſelf in theſe matters; there have been many eminent Poets and Painters who have choſen melancholy ſubjects, and they meet with as many admirers, as the more chearful ones, perhaps both may be uſeful to different diſpoſitions, ſome minds want to be encouraged and comforted; others to be humbled and ſoftened, by a retroſpect of the evils to which human nature is liable.

Hort.

Hort. A very fair and generous compromiſe. You may reſume the conteſt at ſome future time, when it does not interfere with the ſubject before you.

Euph. I take up my clue again.—The year following two books of the ſame kind were publiſhed, both of them were in ſome degree copies of *Raſſelas*, but neither of them equal to it, though both had their reſpective merit and admirers.—*Almoran* and *Hamet* by Dr. *Hawkeſworth*, and *Soliman* and *Almena* by Dr. *Langhorne*, they both end happily, *Sophronia*, and yet I prefer *Raſſelas* to either of them.

Soph. I receive it as proof of your impartiality.

Hort. Do you know that you have paſs'd by a book more read and talked of than moſt of thoſe we have reviewed.

Euph. Likely enough, we have not been quite regular in our progreſs, but pray who is the great perſonage omitted?

Hort. No leſs a man than *Triſtram Shandy*, Gent.

Euph.

Euph. I muſt beg of *you* to decide upon its merits, for it is not a woman's book.

Hort. Indeed I will not allow of your excuſe.—You have ſpoken freely enough of many other writers, and if you are a competent judge of them, why not of *Sterne?*

Euph. You urge me cloſely,—in verity I have never read this book half through, and yet I have read enough to be aſhamed of. Faſhion, which countenances every folly, induced me to begin it;—but what can I ſay of it with ſafety?—That it is a Farrago of wit and humour, ſenſe and nonſenſe, incoherency and extravagance.—The Author had the good fortune to make himſelf and his writings the *ton of the day*, and not to go out of faſhion during his life.—What value poſterity will ſet upon them I preſume not to give my opinion of, it is time that muſt decide upon them, and it will certainly do them juſtice.

Hort. You are very reſerved in your judgment of *Triſtram*, but what have you to ſay againſt his *Sentimental Journey?*

Euph.

Euph. It is indiſputably a work of merit.—Where *Sterne* attempts the Pathos, he is irreſiſtible; the Reviewers have well obſerved, that though he affected humour and foolery, yet he was greateſt in the pathetic ſtyle.—His *Maria* and *le Fevre*, and his *Monk*, are charming pictures, and will ſurvive, when all his other writings are forgot.

Hort. Then I am friends with you again, which I could not be, if you had paſſed over his merits, as ſlightly as his abſurdities.

Euph. Sterne, like all other Original writers has been followed by a ſwarm of imitators, not one of which deſerve mention among works of eminence in this claſs of writing.

Hort. Aye, let them ſleep in peace. It would ill become you who have paſſed over the Novels of *Voltaire*, to mention this crop of muſhrooms.

Euph. I am deaf of that ear, *Hortenſius*, and you know the cauſe of it—Let us take leave of *Triſtram*, and return to my liſt.—The name I read is—*Longſword Earl of Saliſbury*, an Hiſtorical Romance.

Hort.

Hort. How is that, a Romance in the 18th Century?

Euph. Yes, a Romance in reality, and not a Novel.—A ſtory like thoſe of the middle ages, compoſed of Chivalry, Love, and Religion.—Pray turn to the *Review*, where I think you will find a high character of it.

Hort. A high character indeed!—"In this "agreeable Romance, the truth of Hiſtory "is artfully interwoven with entertaining fic- "tions, and intereſting epiſodes.—It ſeems "to be formed on an intimate acquaintance "with the Romances of the 15th and 16th "Centuries, which however extravagant and "beyond nature, were always favourable to "the cauſe of virtue, and are ſo far pre- "ferable to the more natural productions of "later times.—There is a certain pomp of "diction, a richneſs, and at the ſame time a "ſimplicity of expreſſion, which ſeldom fails "to captivate the reader, and particularly "impreſſes young minds, naturally warmed "and attracted by the ſplendor of the he- "roic virtues, and moved by the fineſt af-

"fections

" fections of the human heart.—In ſhort, " however the good old Romances may be " now laughed out of doors, certain it is, " that no ſpecies of writing could amuſe with " leſs injury to the morals, and virtuous man- " ners of the reader."—Why the Reviewers ſpeak your own ſentiments!—I never ſuſpect- ed that you were in league with them.

Euph. When they ſpeak the language of truth, candor and impartiality, I am always ready to adopt their ſentiments.—This work is diſtinguiſhed in my liſt, among Novels uncommon and Original.

Soph. It ſeems to me that you have paſſed over ſeveral works of firſt rate merit.—*Longſword* was publiſhed in 1766.

Euph. I thank you heartily for reminding me, I have ſkipped over a whole page in my liſt, and my notes upon it.

I find that Mrs. *Sheridan* was the Author of *Sidney Biddulph*, and alſo a very pretty Eaſtern Tale called *Nourjahad*.

Mrs. *Brooke*'s works hold a very high rank in the Novel Species.—She firſt tranſ-

lated Lady *Cateſby's Letters*, and afterwards gave us two Novels of her own very much ſuperior to it, *Lady Julia Mandeville*, and *Emily Montague*.—She alſo tranſlated the *Marquis de St. Forlaix*. Her ſtories are intereſting and pathetic, her language highly poliſhed and elegant.

Soph. Indeed Mrs. *Brooke*'s Novels deſerve all that you can ſay of them.—Pray did not *Millenium Hall* come out about this time?

Euph. It was in the year 1762.—Mrs. *Brooke*'s works were publiſhed at different times, *Emily Montague*, in 1763.

Soph. Have you nothing more to ſay of *Millenium Hall* than the date of it?

Euph. It is a very good little book, and you ought to have made its Eulogium.

Soph. I had rather hear my favourite's praiſes from another mouth than my own.

Euph. Then I will pay it the homage it juſtly claims. It is calculated to inſpire the heart with true benevolence and the love of virtue, it is a very entertaining as well as moral

ral work, and very proper to be put into the hands of young perſons.

Soph. I am glad you think it worthy of a place in your claſs of eminence, for I am fond of it to a degree.

Hort. Now, Ladies, you have the whole buſineſs to yourſelves, I have not read any of the laſt mentioned books but *Emily Montague*, which indeed deſerves your plaudit.

Euph. The letters of *Theodoſius* and *Conſtantia* are both moral and entertaining, and they are alſo inſtructive, and deſerve a place in every good young woman's cloſet,—they came out 1763.

Hort. I would fain be of ſome uſe, pray are *Marmontel*'s works, worthy of a place upon your ſhelf?

Euph. I could be offended at that queſtion, and more at the manner of it, and yet I will not ſpare what deſerves correction. *Marmontel* is as you well know, a charming writer. but his *Moral Tales*, have ſome things in them that are offenſive to *good Morals*.—His *Belliſarius* is worthy of a place in every Monarch's Library.

Library.—And his *Incas* to be enſhrined in every benevolent heart.

Hort. I really beg your pardon.—I ought not to have *ſeemed* to doubt that you would do juſtice to *Marmontel?*—I did not *really* doubt it.

Euph. I accept your Palinode.—I do not wiſh to make a *Parade* of ſentiment, like ſome writers, who have brought even the word itſelf into diſgrace. You know that upon *principle* I refuſed to admit works of prophaneneſs and immorality into my Catalogue of eminent Novels, though admired for their wit, or for the name of the Authors; I ſhould be concerned to have occaſion to repeat any more what I have ſaid on this ſubject.

Hort. I am ſorry to have given you occaſion for what you have now ſaid.—Forget it, and proceed with your progreſs.

Euph. The next work of merit and morality that I ſhall ſpeak of, is the *Marquis de Roſelle*, by Madame *Elie de Beaumont.* I have a partiality for this book, I never read one of the kind that afforded me greater pleaſure;

pleaſure ; in it the nobleſt leſſons of virtue and good conduct are conveyed to the reader's mind, through the vehicle of entertainment ; it may be recommended to young perſons, to guard them againſt the deceptions of the world, and to enable them to diſtinguiſh between real and intrinſic merit, and the tinſil accompliſhments of the circle of diſſipation. —This tranſlation was publiſhed in 1764.

Soph. It is indeed, a charming book, and I think there are more writings of Madame *de Beaumont* worth your notice.

Euph. You will pleaſe to *obſerve*, that there are two Ladies of that name, with only a ſmall diſtinction between them—Madame *Elie de Beaumont* is the Author of the *Marquis de Roſelle*.—Madame *le Prince de Beaumont* has written many books for the uſe of Schools, *Le Magazin des Enfans* and others for youth in a ſeries.—She has alſo written *Novels for grown Gentlemen and Ladies*, but none of firſt-rate Merit.

Soph. Is there not a book of hers called the new *Clariſſa ?*

Euph.

Euph. There is, but it is out of the bounds of nature and probability; there is alſo a book of the ſame title, which was publiſhed in Ireland, which I think ſuperior to the French one, but neither of them are capital. —Madame *le Prince de Beaumont's* writings are ſtrongly tinctured with bigotry and enthuſiaſm, but ſhe always means to ſupport the cauſe of virtue.—If I am not miſinformed ſhe preſides over a ſeminary of education, or in plain Engliſh ſhe keeps a ſchool.

Soph. An employment of great utility and importance, and when faithfully diſcharged, claims our reſpect, and an honourable mention.

Euph. Certainly, and deſerves more reſpect than is generally paid to it—The year 1766 was very prolific in the Novel way, and indeed, they ſeem to have over-run the preſs, till they became a *drug* in the *terms* of *trade*.—The Reviewers complain bitterly of the fatigue of reading them, it became neceſſary to have an Annual Supply for the Circulating Library, in conſequence the manufacturers of

Novels

Novels were conſtantly at work for them, and were very poorly paid for their labours.—Among the traſh the preſs groaned under, ſome works of merit appeared which diſcredited the trifling ones, and helped to drive them off the Stage.

Sir George Elliſon, a picture of a truly benevolent man.

Sir Charles Beaufort, ſtrong painting of ſhocking characters, which are made triumphant over Innocence and Virtue.

John Buncle, Eſq.—a whimſical and *outré* ſtory, intermixed with ſprinklings of wit and Learning, and a Genius truly original.

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Dr. *Goldſmith*, a work of great merit and great faults, but muſt ever afford both pleaſure and benefit to a good heart.

Soph. Theſe laſt mentioned are abridged in good earneſt.

Euph. I find it neceſſary, and ſhall continue to do ſo except in particular caſes.

The fair American—or *Emmera*, a work of merit and morality, 1767.

Letters

Letters of Madame de Sancerre, by Madame *Riccoboni*, which is ſaying enough.

Hiſtory of Erneſtina,—a very pretty ſtory by the ſame Lady.

Lucy Watſon, a melancholy tale well told as a warning to youth.

Hort. You drive away at a great rate, and I wiſh not to check your courſe, I ſhall come up to you when you come to the inferences.

Euph. *The Life and Adventures* of *Common Senſe*, is a work of Genius, wit, humour and morality, and will afford an agreeable entertainment to every reader of taſte and judgment.

Arthur O'Bradley has more humour, than wit or ſentiment, but is above the common Novels of this date—1769.

The Perſian Tales of Inatulla are worth reading, but I ſhall claſs them with other Tales and Fables of the ſame kind.

Soph. You will do right to make them a ſeparate claſs.

Euph. At this period when a conſtant ſupply of Novels was expected by the Readers of the

the Circulating Library, ſome perſons whoſe excellent principles led them to ſee and lament the decline of virtuous manners, and the paſſion for deſultory reading; endeavoured to ſtem the torrent by making entertaining ſtories their *vehicle* to convey to the young and flexible heart, wholeſome truths, that it refuſed to receive under the form of moral precepts and inſtructions, thus they tempered the *utile* with the *dulcé*, and under the diſguiſe of Novels, gave examples of virtue rewarded, and vice puniſhed; and if the young mind unawares to itſelf, was warmed with the love of virtue, or ſhocked at the puniſhment of the wicked; this was all the reward they wiſhed or expected from their Labours.

Of this kind are the following works:

Calliſtus, or *the Man of Faſhion*, by Mr. *Mulſo*.

The Exemplary Mother, by Mrs. *Cooper*.

The Placid Man, by Mr. *Jenner*.

The Fool of Quality, by Mr. *Brooke*.

This laſt I muſt enlarge upon.—Mr. *Brooke* was a man of Genius, taſte and ſenſibility, but

but unhappily theſe fine talents were overſhadowed by a veil of Enthuſiaſm, that caſts a ſhade upon every object.

I will not truſt myſelf to give a character to works of ſo mixed a kind. Let us ſee what the Reviewers ſay of it. *Hortenſius*, be ſo kind to turn to the Index for *The Fool of Quality*.

Hort. I obey you, Madam.—" While with " pleaſure we contemplate the amiable and " worthy characters drawn by this able writer, " it is with real concern that we ſee them " debaſed by the aſcetic reveries of Madame " *Guyon*, *William Law*, and the reſt of the " rapturous tribe.—What can we ſay more " of a performance, which is at once en- " riched by Genius, enlivened by fancy, be- " wildered with enthuſiaſm, and overrun with " the viſionary jargon of fanaticiſm?

" We ſhall only add our hearty wiſh that " the ingenious writer, would give us an " abridgment of this work, cleared from the " ſanctimonious rubbiſh by which its beauties " are ſo much obſcured;—and then, we are " perſuaded,

" perſuaded, it would be peruſed with plea-
" ſure by readers of *every* rank and age; but
" while it remains in its preſent motley ſtate,
" we apprehend it will be a favourite with
" only *Behmenites*, *Hernhutters*, *Methodiſts*,
" *Hutchinſonians*,—and ſome *Roman Ca-*
" *tholics*."

Euph. Very juſt—the ſame character will ſerve for *Juliet Grenville*, Mr. *Brooke*'s other Novel in which fanaticiſm is predominant. I ſhall offer a conjecture of my own, that Mr. *Brooke* would never have condeſcended to write Novels, but to make them his vehicles to convey his *tenets* to the minds of ſuch readers, as were not likely to receive them in any other form.

Soph. What a pity that ſuch genius and ſuch taſte ſhould be uſed only to promote a blind and illiberal zeal to make proſelytes! and to limit the mercies of God to one particular ſect of Chriſtians.

Hort. It is the characteriſtic of the ſects enumerated in the *Review*.—The growth of fanaticiſm is an alarming conſideration; it is

is creeping into every ſect among us, nay even into the eſtabliſhed national Church.

Euph. Between Deiſm on one hand, and fanaticiſm on the other, people of rational piety and moderation, are in no very good ſituation, for they are anathematiz'd by the zealots of both parties.—Let us leave them to him who knows beſt how to ſeparate the *grain* from the *chaff*, and return to our ſubject.

Letters from an Engliſh Lady at Paris, in which are contained *the Memoirs of Mrs. Williams.*—1769.

This is a work of real merit, I have here an extract from the *Review.*—"The whole of "this work forms a moſt intereſting, exem- "plary tale, abounding with affecting in- "cidents, ſenſible obſervations, and moral "reflections :—and ſome of the letters are "enlivened with a vein of pleaſantry, which "will afford an agreeable relief to ſuch read- "ers as are not fond of diſtreſsful events, and "melancholy ſcenes."

Anecdotes of a Convent, by the ſame Author, and merits the ſame rank and plaudit.

Soph.

Soph. It is indeed a moſt agreeable book, and the Reviewers have done it juſtice.--I think you have not yet mentioned Mrs. *Griffith*'s Novels.

Euph. Mrs. *Griffith*'s Novels are moral and ſentimental, though they do not riſe to the firſt claſs of excellence, they may fairly be ranked in the ſecond, they are very unexceptionable and entertaining books.—Their Titles are:—*The Delicate Diſtreſs.*—*The Gordian Knot* (by Mr. G.)—*Lady Barton*—*Lady Juliana Harley*—Mr. and Mrs. G. are well known as the Authors of the ingenious *Letters of Henry and Frances*, and ſome other pieces of merit.

Hort. I have ſeen a book called, *Letters from Altamont in Town to his Friends in the Country*, which in my opinion has great merit.

Euph. Indiſputably.—It was written by Mr. *Jenner*, Author of the *Placid Man*, of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſay more, when we come to our moral inferences.

The Hiſtory of Charles Wentworth, Eſq; is a work of Genius and Originality, but it is not proper for all readers, it is ſtrongly tinctured with Deiſm, and is evidently written in favour

favour of that uncomfortable Syſtem, and like *Rouſſeau*, he appeals to ſavages in confirmation of his tenets, it is therefore an improper book for youth.

The Man of Feeling—and the *Man of the World*, are by the ſame Author, Mr. *Mackenzie*.—both are moral, natural, and pathetic, and worthy of our plaudit; if there is any defect, it is that ſome of the ſcenes are ſhocking repreſentations of human nature, and bear too hard upon the reader's humanity and ſenſibility.

Soph. Pray what is your opinion of Miſs *Miniſie*'s Novels?

Euph. They are in the claſs of mediocrity. if I were to mention ſuch, it would make our taſk too long and tedious, I muſt therefore paſs over theſe, and hundreds beſide that are very innocent and moral books.

Soph. I ſaw a book upon your ſhelf called, *The Portrait of Life, in a Series of Novels.*

Euph. It is only a compilation from different Authors, a common and eaſy method of book-making in theſe days: there are a great

great number of these publications, and it is surprizing they should answer to the trade.—*The pleasing Instructor*—*The entertaining Novelist*—*Old Heads upon young Shoulders*, &c.—*ad infinitum*.—— These compilations are shameful impositions upon the public, and ought to be discouraged by every citizen of the Republic of Letters; the most effectual method would be to enter every book that is worthy of publication at Stationers Hall.

Hort. Is it not equally injurious to Authors, to publish extracts of books in Magazines and other periodical publications?

Euph. Certainly.—And unless I am mistaken, the method I propose would put an end to these pilfering practices, for they deserve to be called so.

Soph. I have seen a Novel called *Constantia, or the distressed Friend*, which I think is above the common place Novels of the circulating library.

Euph. You have given it the place it deserves, below excellence and above contempt.

Louisa

Louiſa a ſentimental Novel, may be ranked a ſtep higher, but not on the firſt form.—It is of the melancholy kind.—There are a great number of Novels of the ſame claſs, and we might fill a volume with a liſt of them: but we are now come to a reſting place—I have brought my work down to a later period than I at firſt intended; it is time to draw towards a concluſion.

Hort. I hope you are not ſerious?—Your plan is by no means compleated.

Euph. I am very ſenſible that it is not, but this part of it is.—For what remains to be ſaid I have more reaſon to fear it will be too much, than too little.—I ſhall endeavour to draw it into as ſmall a compaſs as poſſible, with your aſſiſtance.—For this time we muſt adjourn.

Hort. I ſhall have many queſtions to aſk, and perhaps ſome objections to make; I think alſo there are many books omitted.

Euph. At our next meeting I will hear and anſwer all your demands, if I do not, (as I have already done,) anticipate your objections.

jections.—I ſhall bring with me a liſt of Novels Original and uncommon.—I ſhall ſpeak of Tales and Fables out of the reach of nature, though not of Criticiſm: and having diſpatched theſe, we will gather up the clue of our progreſs, and proceed to inferences.

Soph. I rejoice to hear that you are not come to a final concluſion. I hope to ſee you at my houſe next Thurſday.

Hort. I will not fail you.—I perceive that *Euphraſia* has yet much to ſay.—Perhaps I may be of ſome ſervice in protracting the concluſion you apprehend.

Euph. Don't frighten me, *Hortenſius*.—I wiſh rather to contract and extend my plan, as I ſhall ſhew you at our next meeting.

Hort. I take my leave for this Evening, Ladies.

EVENING XI.

Hortenſius, Sophronia, Euphraſia.

Hort. EVER ſince our laſt meeting I have been reflecting upon ſeveral things you ſaid at that time; and I beg leave to make ſome remarks.

Euph. I will hear them moſt willingly, and endeavour to profit by them.

Hort. You excepted againſt compilations very juſtly, and you adviſed a method to prevent them. You wiſhed to prevent long extracts of books being inſerted in periodical publications:—did you mean that this prohibition ſhould extend to the Reviewers?

Euph. By no means.—As the Cenſors of literature they ought to have an excluſive right to give extracts of every publication that

that deſerves their recommendation: but I could wiſh this ſovereign power were reſtrained within certain bounds.

Hort. In what reſpect?—You muſt depend upon their judgment and candour.

Euph. Certainly;—and you may appeal from their Sentence to the public at large.—I wiſh they could confine and limit their extracts to the compaſs of one *Monthly Review;* for it is not fair to ſkim off the cream of an Author's dairy, and leave only the dregs behind: or in other words, to gratify the reader's curioſity, and prevent his purchaſing the book; and thus intercepting the reward of the Author's labours, which I believe happens frequently.

Hort. What you now ſay is very juſt, you would leave them perfectly free and unreſtrained in their judgment, and only limit their extracts.

Euph. That is my wiſh in favour of all writers; whoſe property in their own works is already too much abridged by an arbitrary

deciſion of power, over literature and her off-ſpring.

Soph. Theſe remarks lead us from the proſecution of our ſubject.

Hort. Not entirely.—I muſt aſk another queſtion:—why ſhould you finiſh your progreſs and retroſpect here?—I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould not be continued down to the preſent year.

Euph. I gave you my reaſons at our Ninth meeting, and as we come nearer to the preſent time, they grow ſtronger.—I have brought my progreſs down to the cloſe of the year 1770, which is juſt ten years lower than I at firſt intended.—It would be an invidious taſk to ſpeak of the writers of the preſent day; let us leave them to the Reviewers, it is their province.—If they do not all the juſtice the Authors may think they deſerve, let them appeal to the *public*, and to *time*, and truſt to their impartiality, for their ſentence will be juſt, and irreverſible.

Hort. You will not then ſuffer your late publications to be mentioned, though they belong to your proper ſubject?

Euph.

Euph. No certainly.—If they deſerve to be remembered, I have no doubt they will ſurvive me: and if not, let them be forgotten.—You will now give me leave to read you my liſt of Novels and Stories Original and uncommon. I have already enlarged upon ſome of them.

Tale of a Tub.
Gulliver's Travels. } by *Swift.*
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progreſs.
Patrick's Pilgrim.
Don Quixote, by *Cervantes.*
Modern Don Quixote, by *Marivaux.*
Robinſon Cruſoe, by *Defoe.*
Gaudentio di Lucca, by Biſhop *Berkeley.*
Peter Wilkins.
Voyage to the Moon.
Chryſal—or Adventures of a Guinea.
Reverie—or flight to the Paradiſe of Fools.
Arfaces, Prince of Betlis.

Theſe three laſt by the ſame Author, and all of the ſatirical kind.

Life of John Buncle, Eſq.
John Buncle, jun. Eſq.

Triſtram

Triſtram Shandy, Gent.

Life and Adventures of Common Senſe.

Citizen of the World.

Pilgrim of China.

The Spiritual Quixote, an Antidote to Methodiſm.

The Caſtle of Otranto—printed at *Strawberry-Hill.*—I have ſpoken largely of this work in a former publication of mine.

Theſe are all of great merit in their kind, and of moral tendency.

Soph. You abridge now indeed, as you threatened to do.

Euph. It is time that I ſhould bring my progreſs to a period, I have enlarged upon the moſt eminent works of the kind, and have given a general character of thoſe laſt mentioned.

I ſhall next introduce another ſpecies of the ſame Genus of writing, which will make ſome variety in our progreſs.—I will lead you into enchanted palaces,—delicious gardens,—and endleſs labyrinths.—We will put ourſelves under the protection of the good genii, and

and they will conduct us out of them by an inviſible gate, where we ſhall find ourſelves much forwarder, and have in view the place where we ſhall finiſh our journey.

Soph. I am pleaſed with the excurſion of your fancy, I hope you will permit us to ſtop ſometimes, and take a view of the curioſities of the places we paſs through.

Euph. You muſt not tarry a long while any where, and there are very few of theſe places that will bear a cloſe inſpection.

Hort. I ſhall follow you as *Æneas* did the *Sybil*, with the ſame confidence, that you will guide me through in ſafety.

Euph. The alluſion is not amiſs.—Oh that you could realize the golden bough!

Hort. I am afraid the tree does not grow in this country.

Euph. Yes it does, but is guarded by Heſperian dragons, and there are a thouſand dangers and vexations in the way of thoſe who adventure for the prize.—But this is trifling away time.

Hort.

Hort. Let us then advance, and may you obtain the golden prize!

Euph. Here is my liſt and a few notes upon it.

TALES *and* FABLES *ancient and modern.*

You have doubtleſs read the fables of *Æſop*, *Pilpay*, and *Locman*—and imitations of them without end.—There is an opinion lately gone forth, that fables are improper for children. I ſhall not now inveſtigate this ſubject, but it does not appear to me that thoſe ages that were inſtructed by Fable and Allegory, were leſs virtuous than the preſent times are; and this *Criterion* will apply to many other kinds of writing beſides that before us.

Hort. This is taking a ſhort way of deciding an important queſtion.

Euph. If it be a *certain* one, the ſhorter the better; if not it ſhall give place to a better.—Will you be the perſon to give it?

Hort. Not in this place,—it would interfere with our preſent buſineſs,—we will poſtpone the ſubject for the preſent, and beg of you to proceed with your allegorical fables.

Euph.

Euph. I do not preſume to aſſert that they are abſolutely the beſt, or the only method of inſtruction, but that they do not deſerve to be deſpiſed or exploded.

Who ſpoke in *Parables* I need not ſay;—
But ſure he knew it was a pleaſant way,
Sound ſenſe by plain examples to convey. DRYDEN.

There are many works of this kind, that are excellent and inſtructive, both in proſe and verſe.—I will mention briefly, *Gay's Fables*,—*Cotton's Viſions*,—*Moore's Fables for the Female Sex*, *&c.*—But it requires a ſkilful hand to ſelect books of this kind for youth, becauſe there are many profeſſedly written for this purpoſe that are very improper; and if books for youth are ill choſen they will do more harm than good. *Mr. Dodſley's Collection of Fables ancient and modern*, is the beſt that I know.

Hort. I agree with you in this point and indeed in moſt others; and when I ſeem to oppoſe you, it is only to give you a *fillup*, and to make you exert yourſelf.—Nevertheleſs, I intend to have another conteſt with you before

I quit the field.—In the mean time I beg you to proceed.

Euph. Let us then take a brief ſurvey of *Eaſtern Tales*, a claſs of no ſmall extent. I have ſpoken largely of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment* as a work of Originality and Authenticity, and let me add of amuſement. The great demand for this book, raiſed a ſwarm of imitations, moſt of which are of the French manufactory, as the *Perſian Tales*—*Turkiſh Tales*—*Tartarian Tales*—*Chineſe Tales*—*Peruvian Tales*—*Mogul Tales*—*&c.*

The ſtories of this kind are all wild and extravagant to the higheſt degree; they are indeed ſo far out of the bounds of Nature and probability, that it is difficult to judge of them by rules drawn from theſe ſources.—It cannot be denied that ſome of them are amuſing, and catch hold of the readers attention.

Soph. They do more than catch the attention, for they retain it.—There is a kind of faſcination in them,—when once we begin a volume, we cannot lay it aſide, but drive through

through to the end of it, and yet upon reflexion we deſpiſe and reject them.

Hort. They are certainly dangerous books for youth,—they create and encourage the wildeſt excurſions of imagination, which it is, or ought to be, the care of parents and preceptors to reſtrain, and to give them a juſt and true repreſentation of human nature, and of the duties and practice of common life.

Euph. You ſpeak as if it was the general ſtudy of parents and teachers in our days to educate our youth to wiſdom and virtue.—Is it not their ambition to make them knowing rather than wiſe, and faſhionable rather than virtuous?—thus they are hackney'd in the ways of the world, and though ignorant of every thing that is really good and eſtimable, they are *old* before their days are half ſpent.

Soph. The books that are put into the hands of youth, do in a great meaſure direct their purſuits and determine their characters; it is therefore of the firſt conſequence that they ſhould be well choſen.—After the character

racter is formed, books of entertainment may be recommended, and read with ſafety, and ſometimes with advantage.

Hort. You do not mean to recommend any of the books laſt named?

Euph. I do not; and yet it will be well if young people read nothing worſe.—The *Eaſtern Tales* have raiſed a vaſt number of imitations, and many readers are extremely fond of them.—Madame *D'Anois* was a famous compoſer of *Fairy Tales*,—ſhe likewiſe wrote a Romance called *Hyppolitus Earl of Douglas*, which had then, and even now has its admirers, though it is as wild and improbable as the *Fairy Tales*, or *Eaſtern Fables*.—The *Count de Gabalis* may be reckoned among theſe excurſions of a raiſed imagination.

I ſhall read you a liſt of ſome more modern works of the ſame kind.

Raſſelas, Prince of Abiſſinia—Dr. *Johnſon.*
Almoran and Hamet—*Hawkeſworth.*
Soliman and Almena—*Langhorne.*
Nourjahad—Mrs. *Sheridan.*
Mirza and Fatima, an Indian Tale.

Tales

Tales of the Genii.

The Perſian Tales of Inattulla.

Miſcellany of Eaſtern Learning.

Chineſe Anecdotes.

Leſſings Fables.

Abaſſaia, an Eaſtern Story.

Loves of Othniel and Achſah.—I do not pretend to give an opinion whether this ſtrange book be ancient or modern, but there is reaſon to think it was written by a Jew.

The Triumph of Reaſon over Fancy—a fanciful ſtory.

The Viſiers,—or enchanted Labyrinth—of the ſame kind.

There are many other books of this claſs, but theſe are all within my knowledge that are worthy of mention.

There would be no end of reciting the names of theſe Tales.

Hort. There is ſomething very pleaſing in *Eaſtern Stories* well told. There was a paſſion at all times for ſtory-telling in all the countries beyond the Levant.—I remember an incident in a book of travels that is a proof of the continuance of this cuſtom.

The

The traveller had engaged himſelf to make a journey into Upper Egypt, without the knowledge and conſent of his friends, in ſearch of antiquities, and to carry on a traffic privately for precious ſtones.—The dangerous circumſtances attending this negociation, and the other hazards he run of periſhing in a barbarous country, affected his mind and diſturbed his reſt; he confeſſed to his friend and patron, that he ſuffered much from his inward agitations. His patron rallied him upon his want of reſolution, and aſked him if he had not yet learned the Turkiſh method of calming his mind?—The traveller thought he meant the uſe of opium or ſome drug of that kind, but he ſoon after called for a young man his ſervant, and ordered him to take up a book and read where he left off the night before,—the youth did as he was directed, and read a very pleaſant ſtory, to which the traveller was attentive, and found his mind relieved and comforted.—When the lad had done reading, his maſter raiſed many queſtions, and

and made remarks upon the ſtory, and then ſpoke to his gueſt as follows:—"You ſee, my friend, that we are not ſuch Barbarians as many of the Franks believe us,—your people are extremely vain and conceited of their own cuſtoms, and yet provoked to ſee others tenacious of theirs; they laugh at our Turkiſh ſtories, and at this method of ſoothing our cares; yet I conceive that it is as natural and as innocent as gaming, or drinking great quantities of wine, which are your common diverſions."—The traveller could not help admitting the Truth of what he ſaid, and obſerved that it was ſtrange that writers of Travels ſhould cenſure the Turks and Moors for their paſſion for hearing Tales and Stories, when at the ſame time if this inclination did not prevail among Chriſtians, their books could not be read at all.

Euph. We are much obliged for your Story, which illuſtrates our ſubject,—I will produce another of the ſame kind. M. *de Guys* in his *Sentimental Journey through Greece*, takes notice of the ſame paſſion for tales and ſtories.

ſtories.—When a party of women met together they frequently entertained each other with telling a ſtory in turn, which amuſement is called *Paramythia*.—He deſcribes ſome young girls at their needle-work, one of them ſays, "Come, let us have a party at the *Paramythia*, theſe pretty amuſements will lighten our work.—I will tell you the fine Perſian ſtory my father taught me."

Soph. In ſhort the paſſion for tales and ſtories is common to all times, and all countries, and varies only according to the cuſtoms and manners of different people; and thoſe who moſt affect to deſpiſe them under one form, will receive and admire them in another.

Euph. Nothing is more true, it is the ſelection of them, that makes them an innocent or a pernicious amuſement.

I have now done with *Eaſtern Tales* and *Stories*.

Hort. May I then aſk a queſtion or two?

Euph. As many as you pleaſe.—We are now at a proper reſting place.

Hort.

Hort. What is your opinion of *Oſſian*'s works, and the *Erſe* poetry?

Euph. You could not have aſked me a more difficult queſtion. I read Dr. *Johnſon*'s ſentiments on this head, and was ſatisfied with his deciſion: but I have ſince read Mr. *M'Nichol*'s *Remarks upon Johnſon's Tour*, and that overſet all that the Doctor had ſaid. There is ſomething imperious and dogmatical in his manner of criticizing, and in the preſent caſe he ſeems to have wanted both judgment and candour.—On the other hand, *M'Nichol* ſhews too much of bitterneſs and acrimony, and of the ſame national pride as he condemns in *Johnſon*, but he appeals to facts and to living perſons of character and veracity, and ſuch evidence is not eaſily ſet aſide.

Hort. I wiſh you would leave Dr. *Johnſon* and Mr. *M' Nichol* to ſettle their diſputes between themſelves, and give us your own opinion.

Euph. I ought firſt to ſhew you the grounds of my opinion, and to do that I muſt relate another curious circumſtance.

A friend

A friend of mine wrote to a young gentleman who was in the highlands, obſerving the remains of Antiquity there, and making enquiry into the authenticity of *Oſſian*'s works. My friend ſent the traveller a fragment of his own compoſing, in imitation of *Oſſian*'s manner—He ſhewed it to ſeveral perſons in the Highlands, and aſked what they thought of it? They told him it was one of *Oſſian*'s fragments, and they remembered it perfectly well.—This proof of diſingenuity in ſupport of the national claim to *Oſſian*'s credit, renders very doubtful every account we receive from the natives of his country.

Hort. This is indeed a curious circumſtance.—but I want to have your opinion upon this complicated evidence.

Euph. You oblige me to go farther into many ſubjects than I intended, and you muſt bear whatever blame I ſhall incur. I believe that Mr. *Macpherſon* collected together all the traditional ſtories of the Highlands, that he put them into his own loom, and wove them into a regular piece.

His

His works bear ſtrong marks of genius and Originality, they are bold and figurative, and ſome of them are highly pleaſing. It is certainly a very reſpectable collection.—The ingenious and unfortunate *Chatterton*'s compoſitions I think to be of the ſame kind.—The ground-work his Manuſcripts, the building his own.

Hort. In what claſs of writing would you place *Oſſian*,—pray tell us? In the Romance or Novel? or will you give him a place among your Epic Poets?

Euph. It is difficult to aſſign a place to the writings of *Oſſian*.—*Fingal* is undoubtedly an Epic, but not a Poem.—I cannot give that name to what is neither proſe nor verſe,—this ſort of writing, corrupts and ſpoils our language, and deſtroys the barrier, which nature has placed, to diſtinguiſh between poetry and proſe.—I think if you have no objection I would reckon *Oſſian* among the Romances.

Hort. With all my heart, I give him up to your ſentence.—But I do not feel myſelf ſatisfied with your treatment of the great Epic Poets

Poets *Homer* and *Virgil*, whoſe works you have as I think degraded, by baſe compariſons.—Thoſe who are placed at the top of *Parnaſſus*.

Euph. And think you there are no other Epic poets but *Homer* and *Virgil?*

Hort. None worthy to be placed in the firſt rank of excellence.

Euph. I ſuppoſe there may have been many, but ſome are loſt by time and accident. I have mentioned the *Knight*'s *Tale* in *Chaucer*, the *'Squire*'s *Tale* is of the ſame kind.—Many of the metrical Romances ought to be ranked as Epic poems.—And will you deny the title of Epic poets to *Arioſto?*—To *Taſſo?*—To *Guarini?*—To *Camoens?*—To *Milton?*

Hort. I do not.—But I look upon them as only ſucceſsful imitators of the great Ancients.

Euph. You put me in mind of a prejudice I received in my youth, from reading the verſes placed before the firſt editions of *Milton.*

Three

Three poets in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn,
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd,—
The next in Majeſty, in both the laſt.—
The force of nature, could no farther go,
To make a third ſhe join'd the former two.

I underſtood this compliment literally, and believed there never were but three Epic poets, and that it was impoſſible there could ever be a fourth.

Hort. And you think I have a prejudice of the ſame kind?—According to your account, Epic poets are as plentiful as muſhrooms.

Euph. Not ſo neither—they are rare, but not ſo ſcarce as is generally believed.—*Pope* had laid a plan for an Epic Poem that might have equalled him to your great Ancients.

Hort. I hope you reckon Sir *Richard Blackmore* in your liſt of Epic poets?

Euph. It is not a man's believing himſelf a poet, that will oblige the world to receive him as ſuch:—many other writers have been under the ſame miſtake as *Blackmore*.—If we leave it to time to decide the point, it will appear

pear which is the real, and which the pretended Genius.

Hort. But will you make no amends for your heretical opinions of *Homer* and *Virgil?*

Euph. I have no amends to make.—I have placed them at the head of their claſs, and paid them every mark of reſpect and veneration.

Hort. Then we have only traced the circle, and returned to the ſame place we ſet out from.

Soph. And there let us reſt, and leave time alſo to decide upon it. I have waited ſome time to mention ſome books that *Euphraſia* has either paſs'd by, or reſerved for her laſt claſs :—I mean the German Stories,—or what will you call them, of *Geſner*, *Klopſtock*, and other writers, or paraphraſers of the Scripture ſtories ?

Euph. I cannot ſay I am an admirer of them.—I have already ſpoken againſt all thoſe ſtories where truth and fiction are blended together.—If this is exceptionable in profane Hiſtory, it is certainly much more ſo in regard

gard to Scripture.—The tranſlations of theſe books help to ſpoil our language, which has ſuffered much by ſuch innovations, and much more from paltry imitations of them. I wiſh they were all laid on an heap, and burnt together.

Hort. I knew a worthy divine of our church, who expreſſed the ſame wiſh, reſpecting all the commentaries on the Scriptures, and ſaid that men would be the better Chriſtians for it.

Euph. I do not preſume to give an opinion upon ſo important a ſubject, but I do think there are too many books upon moſt others. It is perhaps providential that ſome ſhould be forgotten, to make room for others, or elſe literally the world would not contain them.

Soph. I have ſeen a book called the *Hiſtory of Joſeph*, of the kind I mentioned. It was attributed to Mrs. *Rowe*, of whoſe writings you have made no mention.

Euph. Mrs. *Rowe*'s writings are very reſpectable.—They breathe a true ſpirit of piety, tinctured with a degree of Enthuſiaſm above the reach of ordinary Chriſtians.

Her

Her *Letters moral and entertaining*, are very proper for youth.

She wrote a poem, called *Joſeph*, which is not unworthy of a place upon the ſhelf with other modern Epic poems.—One of the admirers of the German books above named, has paraphraſed Mrs. *Rowe*'s *Joſeph*, and extended it to a thick Octavo volume; and put it into the ſame kind of language, which is neither proſe nor verſe. It grieves me to ſee this traſh circulate while the poem is forgot.

The German books of this kind are:

The *Death of Abel*, by *M. Geſner*.
The *Meſſiah*, by *M. Klopſtock*.
Noah.

I ſhall not mention the Engliſh imitations, but leave them quietly to their repoſe.

I have now done with this neutral claſs of writing, and with all the reſt of the Genus. What remains is to conſider the effects of Novel reading upon the manners, and to draw ſome inferences, with an humble view to public utility.—But this muſt be the ſubject of a future converſation, for it grows late.

Soph.

Soph. You have brought us, as you threatened, within view of our journey's end.

Euph. If I have omitted any works of eminence, I ſhall be glad to be reminded of it before I conclude. It is very probable that I may.

Hort. If you have it is very excuſable in ſo numerous a claſs of writers. I think you have done juſtice to every body, but the Ancient Poets.

Euph. Who ſhall decide this point for us both?—Will you give conſent that I ſhould appeal to the Public to decide upon it?

Hort. In what manner will you aſk the public opinion?

Euph. Be it known to you, that I have written down all our converſations as ſoon as I left you, and got into my own cloſet.—But I will keep my word, and not publiſh the work without your conſent.

Hort. It is a point of ſome conſequence.—I will conſider of it, and tell you the reſult at our next meeting.

Soph. I ſhall wait for your deciſion, before I give my own;—in the interval I ſhall beg permiſſion to read *Euphraſia*'s manuſcript.

Euph. With all my heart. You have both a right to ſee it, conſider it well, and decide its fate.—For this time I take my leave.

Hort. It is time that you ſhould have ſome reſpite.—Pray let us know when you are at leiſure to finiſh this ſubject.

Euph. I will ſend you word when I am prepared to receive you.

Hort. Ladies, a good evening to you both!

EVENING

EVENING XII.

Hortenſius, Sophronia, Euphraſia.

Hort. LADIES, well met! this clear froſty day has tempted you to walk.

Euph. *Sophronia* tempted me abroad, out of regard for my health.

Soph. I did indeed, for ſedentary amuſements, have hurt both her health and ſpirits. There is no way of enduring the cold but by bidding it defiance,—exerciſe renews our health and ſpirits.

Hort. I rejoice to find you purſuing this ſalutary maxim,—no people are born too tender to endure their own climate,—it is indulgence and luxury that effeminates us, and then we complain of our country, and fly to

others to recover what we have loſt by our own fault.

Soph. Britain was always eſteemed a mild and temperate country till within the laſt century.

Hort. You ſay true, and the preſent race are not very like the deſcendants of the Britons that were found here by *Julius Cæſar*.

Euph. The Britons are not more altered in this, than in all other reſpects—their manners,—their cuſtoms,—their amuſements.

Hort. Their amuſements will bring us to our old ſubject,—ſuppoſe you both go home with me, and purſue it there?

Euph. No—It is you that muſt go with me, my notes and extracts are in my own library, and I ſhall want them frequently.

Hort. I am ready to attend you at this time, but the next viſit muſt be to me.

Euph. We ſhall then have concluded our progreſs, and I ſhall aſk your advice in regard to a future undertaking.

Hort. At your pleaſure, but do not ſhorten your walk.

Soph.

Soph. She is glad of a pretence to finiſh it I aſſure you.

Euph. I will not reply to the charge.—*Hortenſius* you ſhall ſay all that you can againſt Novels,—I will reply to your cenſures, and *Sophronia* ſhall be Moderator between us.

Hort. I ſhall not ſpare them, notwithſtanding the ill ſucceſs I have had whenever I have been your opponent.

Euph. Nor ſhall I contradict you, unleſs when your cenſure is too general and indiſcriminate, on works of Genius, taſte, and morality.

Soph. It is no eaſy taſk to ſeparate and ſelect them, for they are found altogether, good, bad, and indifferent, in the Chaos of a circulating Library.

Euph. A Circulating Library is indeed a great evil,—young people are allowed to ſubſcribe to them, and to read indiſcriminately all they contain; and thus both food and poiſon are conveyed to the young mind together.

Hort. I ſhould ſuppoſe that if books of the worſt kind were excluded; ſtill there would be enough

enough to lay a foundation of idleneſs and folly.—A perſon uſed to this kind of reading will be diſguſted with every thing ſerious or ſolid, as a weakened and depraved ſtomach rejects plain and wholeſome food.

Soph. There is truth and juſtice in your obſervation,—but how to prevent it?

Hort. There are yet more and greater evils behind.—The ſeeds of vice and folly are ſown in the heart,—the paſſions are awakened,—falſe expectations are raiſed.—A young woman is taught to expect adventures and intrigues,—ſhe expects to be addreſſed in the ſtyle of theſe books, with the language of flattery and adulation.—If a plain man addreſſes her in rational terms and pays her the greateſt of compliments,—that of deſiring to ſpend his life with her,—that is not ſufficient, her vanity is diſappointed, ſhe expects to meet a Hero in Romance.

Euph. No, *Hortenſius*,—not a Hero in Romance, but a fine Gentleman in a Novel:—you will not make the diſtinction.

Hort.

Hort. I aſk your pardon, I agreed to the diſtinction and therefore ought to obſerve it.

Euph. I would not have interrupted you on this punctilio; but let us walk into the houſe, and purſue the ſubject in the Library.

Hort. Now you are armed with your extracts, you think yourſelf invulnerable.

Euph. I will not attempt to contradict you, unleſs I have good reaſon for it.—I beg you to proceed with your remarks.

Hort. From this kind of reading, young people fancy themſelves capable of judging of men and manners, and that they are knowing, while involved in the profoundeſt ignorance. They believe themſelves wiſer than their parents and guardians, whom they treat with contempt and ridicule:—Thus armed with ignorance, conceit, and folly, they plunge into the world and its diſſipations, and who can wonder if they become its victims?—For ſuch as the foundation is, ſuch will be the ſuperſtructure.

Euph. All this is undoubtedly true, but at the ſame time would you exclude all works of fiction

fiction from the young reader?—In this caſe you would deprive him of the pleaſure and improvement he might receive from works of genius, taſte and morality.

Hort. Yes, I would ſerve them as the Prieſt did *Don Quixote*'s library, burn the good ones for being found in bad company.

Euph. That is being very ſevere, eſpecially if you conſider how far your execution would extend.—If you would prohibit reading *all* works of fiction, what will become of your favourites the great Ancients, as well as the moſt ingenious and enlightened modern writers?

Soph. Surely this is carrying the prohibition too far, and though it may ſound well in Theory, it would be utterly impracticable.

Hort. I do not deny that.—There are many things to be wiſhed, that are not to be hoped. I ſee no way to cure this vice of the times, but by extirpating the cauſe of it.

Euph. Pray, *Hortenſius*, is all this ſeverity in behalf of our ſex or your own?

Hort. Of both.—Yet yours are moſt concerned in my remonſtrance, for they read more of

of theſe books than ours, and conſequently are moſt hurt by them.

Euph. You will then become a Knight errant, to combat with the windmills, which your imagination repreſents as Giants; while in the mean time you leave a ſide unguarded.

Hort. And you have found it out.—Pray tell me without metaphors, your meaning in plain Engliſh.

Euph. It ſeems to me that you are unreaſonably ſevere upon theſe books, which you ſuppoſe to be appropriated to our ſex, (which however is not the caſe):—not conſidering how many books of worſe tendency, are put into the hands of the youth of our own, without ſcruple.

Hort. Indeed!--how will you bring proofs of that aſſertion?

Euph. I will not go far for them. I will fetch them from the School books, that generally make a part of the education of young men.—They are taught the Hiſtory—the Mythology—the morals—of the great Ancients, whom you and all learned men revere.—But

with theſe, they learn alſo—their Idolatry—their follies—their vices—and every thing that is ſhocking to virtuous manners.—*Lucretius* teaches them that *fear* firſt made Gods—that men grew out of the earth like trees, and that the indulgence of the paſſions and appetites, is the trueſt wiſdom.—*Juvenal* and *Perſius* deſcribe ſuch ſcenes, as I may venture to affirm that Romance and Novel-writers of any credit would bluſh at:—and *Virgil*—the modeſt and delicate *Virgil*, informs them of many things, they had better be ignorant of. As a woman I cannot give this argument its full weight.—But a hint is ſufficient,—and I preſume you will not deny the truth of my aſſertion.

Hort. I am aſtoniſhed—admoniſhed—and convinced! I cannot deny the truth of what you have advanced; I confeſs that a reformation is indeed wanting in the mode of Education of the youth of our ſex.

Soph. Of both ſexes you may ſay.—We will not condemn yours and juſtify our own.—You are convinced, and *Euphraſia* will uſe her victory generouſly I am certain.

Euph.

Euph. You judge rightly.—I do not preſume to condemn indiſcriminately, the books uſed in the education of youth; but ſurely they might be better ſelected, and ſome omitted, without any diſadvantage.—I fear there is little proſpect of ſuch a general reformation as *Hortenſius* generouſly wiſhes for. If any method can be found to alleviate theſe evils, it muſt be lenient—gradual—and practicable.—Let us then try to find out ſome expedient, with reſpect to thoſe kind of books, which are our proper ſubject.

As this kind of reading is ſo common, and ſo much in every body's power, it is the more incumbent on parents and guardians to give young people a good taſte for reading, and above all to lay the foundation of good principles from their very infancy; to make them read what is really good, and by forming their taſte teach them to deſpiſe paltry books of every kind.—When they come to maturity of reaſon, they will ſcorn to run over a circulating Library, but will naturally aſpire to read the beſt books of all kinds.

Soph.

Soph. In moſt caſes it would ſuperſede the evil we complain of: but for the middling and lower ranks of people, I apprehend this would not hinder either children or ſervants from reading Novels.

Euph. The beſt way to do this is to find them conſtant employment. In every rank and ſituation, people may ſuperintend the education of their children, and "*train them up in the way they ſhould go.*" There is no duty enjoined but what is practicable.—I am afraid, the negligence of parents, is too often the cauſe of a wrong bias in their children,—or elſe their falſe indulgence, which is equally prejudicial to them.

With all theſe precautions in view, I would ſelect ſuch books as were proper to be put into the hands of youth; and with the ſame circumſpection I would carry them to the Theatres, to ſatisfy the curioſity of youth, and prevent their taking theſe amuſements clandeſtinely, for how in an age like this, cou'd I flatter myſelf I cou'd prevent them?

Soph.

Soph. This is indeed the medium between the two extremes, and I think *Hortenſius* can make no objection to it.

Hort. I can only ſay that were I a father, I would ſuffer no ſuch books to come into my houſe.

Euph. Then your children would borrow them of their young friends,—indeed *Hortenſius*, your prohibition would be to no purpoſe.

Hort. Then I thank GOD I am not in a ſituation to want to uſe it!

Euph. You do not conſider that there are ſome works of this kind to which you have given your plaudit, and others, which I have ſhewn you were written as an antidote to the bad effects of them, tho' under the diſguiſe and name of Novels.

Hort. Well, that is true, and I will allow that when the principles are fixed, and the character formed, they may be read with ſafety; but that there are very few of them proper for youth to read: and as there are upon a moderate calculation ten of the wrong ſort to one of the right, it is ten to one that a child meets with the former.

Soph.

Soph. You are now more candid and reaſonable, and we will agree with you. But *Euphraſia* is looking over her extracts, ſhe has more to ſay to you.

Euph. I have ſaid that there are a kind of books, which though publiſhed under the title of Novels, are deſigned as an antidote to the bad effects of them. I have ſome Extracts from theſe, which I hope you will think worthy of your attention.

But firſt I ſhall give you an Extract from *A Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man, with thoſe of the Animal World*, by Dr. *Gregory*, a work generally read and admired.

" Notwithſtanding the abſurdities of the " old Romance, it ſeems calculated to pro- " duce more favourable effects on the morals " of mankind than our modern Novels. If " the former did not repreſent men as they " really are, it repreſented them better. Its " heroes were patterns of courage, truth, " generoſity, humanity, and the moſt exalted " virtues,—its heroines were diſtinguiſhed

" for

" for modeſty, delicacy, and the utmoſt dig-
" nity of manners. The latter repreſent man-
" kind too much what they really are, and
" paint ſuch ſcenes of pleaſure and vice as
" are unworthy to ſee the light, and thus in
" a manner hackney youth in the ways of
" wickedneſs before they are well entered
" into the world; they expoſe the fair ſex in
" the moſt wanton and ſhameleſs manner to
" the eyes of the whole world, by ſtripping
" them of that modeſt reſerve, which is the
" foundation of grace and dignity, the veil
" with which nature intended to protect them
" from too familiar an eye, in order to be at
" once the greateſt incitement to love, and
" the greateſt ſecurity to virtue."

Another paſſage from the ſame Author.—

" The pleaſure we receive from Hiſtory,
" ariſes in a great meaſure from the ſame
" ſource with that we receive from Romance;
" it is not a bare recital of facts that gives
" us pleaſure, they muſt be facts that give
" ſome agitation to the mind, by their being
" important, intereſting or ſurpriſing; but

" theſe

" theſe events do not frequently recur in
" Hiſtory, it is not ſurpriſing, but it is
" ſometimes difficult to keep our attention
" awake."

Hort. Unleſs I am greatly miſtaken, this Extract favours my argument more than yours.

Euph. I give it up to you, ſo make your moſt of it; if it ſpeaks truth and reaſon, I will give my aſſent to it, though perhaps I may not agree to the inferences you may draw from it.

Soph It favours *Euphraſia*'s argument in favour of the old Romances, and ſpeaks of the Novels in contraſt with them.

Euph. My next Extract is from the *Placid Man*, againſt exhibiting vicious or ſhocking Characters to public view.

" Tho' a good character may not have
" the deſigned effect with regard to improv-
" ing the mind of the reader, a bad one will
" always act ſtrongly the contrary way. The
" goodneſs of the one is eaſily forgotten,
" but the viciouſneſs of the other cleaves to
" the

" the mind of the young reader, and has its
" effect according to the diſpoſition of him
" who receives it ; if that is good, the pic-
" ture of vice may carry a degree of diſguſt
" with it, which may prevent its doing him—
" much harm ; but if it happens to be more
" inclined to evil, (which without being
" uncandid, we may, I fear, ſuppoſe more
" than an equal chance,) vicious images will
" ſtrengthen that propenſity, and however
" careful the Author may have been in ren-
" dering ſtrict poetical juſtice, by making
" puniſhment the certain effect of criminal
" indulgence, the ideas of the indulgence
" will remain upon the mind, after thoſe
" of the puniſhment are effaced. I am con-
" vinced that the introducing profligate cha-
" racters either into Novels, or upon the
" Stage by way of expoſing them to ſhame
" and ridicule, is a very dangerous experi-
" ment, eſpecially for young minds ; for as
" *Swift*'s *Directions to Servants* is ſaid to
" have made more bad ſervants than ever it
" corrected, by teaching them tricks, which

" without

" without his wit they wou'd never have
" found out, ſo a ſeries of crimes and follies,
" may give an inſight into vice, which the
" good moral drawn from them may not
" prevent being put in practice."

Hort. I entirely approve this Author's remarks, and believe that the ſhocking ſtories exhibited to view in the public papers (frequently falſe or miſrepreſented,) have a bad effect upon young minds ;—they familiarize their eyes to ſcenes of vice and folly, and ſometimes to *crimes* of which they would be *ignorant*, and which are the diſgrace of human nature.

Soph. I have often thought ſo, but how is it poſſible to prevent it ?

Hort. The firſt ſtep is to point it out, for what remains, it muſt be left to different times and manners, which we may hope will ariſe in due time ; when poverty and diſtreſs ſhall have made a general reformation both neceſſary and practicable : at preſent our great men are fully employed, in diſputing over the ſpoils of their unhappy and impoveriſhed

poverished country. An Englishman cannot behold it without a sigh, nor speak of it but with indignation.

Oh England, model to thy inward greatness!
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'st thou do, that wou'd thee honour do
Were all thy children kind and natural?

SHAKESPEARE.

Euph. Alas there is but too much foundation for your remarks!—But let us hope the best, and be prepared for the worst.—Let me recall you to the subject, by observing that it was an extract from a *Novel* that led you into these deep reflections.—Confess, *Hortensius*, that a Novel may be a moral production?

Hort. It would be folly to deny it. But how few are such in comparison of those we have unanimously condemned?

Euph. Perhaps there are more of the better sort than you are acquainted with;—I have had the honour to introduce many to your notice, and I may yet increase the number.—I should apologize for my next Extract from a Novel of later date than my limited year 1770—but the Extract itself shall be my apology.

Extract

Extract from the *Trial, or the Hiſtory of Charles Horton, Eſq.*

" If you wiſh in a Novel to inculcate ſome " moral truth, to hide a jewel under ſo thin " a veil that its brilliancy may be eaſily diſ- " cerned, there ſhould always be a reference " to the manners and the time in which it is " written ; there ſhould be the greateſt pro- " bability, carried thro' the whole allegory, " that your reaſon may not be ſhocked, while " your imagination is pleaſed. If Novels " were properly regulated with this deſign " always in view, they might become really " uſeful to ſociety. A moral leſſon other- " wiſe dry and tedious in itſelf, might be " communicated in a pleaſing dreſs: as a pill " has its deſired effect, tho' wrapped in a " gold or ſilver leaf. The more inviting leſ- " ſons of inſtruction are made, certainly the " better; for who are they that read Novels? " —Not men of learning, for they deſpiſe " them," (*read, affect to deſpiſe them,*)—" not " men of buſineſs, for they have other em- " ployments, —not the rich and great, for " they

" they have other amuſements.—The mid-
" dling rank of people then are the chief if
" not the only readers,"—*(certainly not the*
" only, *for they are the reſource of idle peo-*
" *ple of all ranks and degrees among us)*—
" but particularly the young, the volatile,
" the hearts moſt ſuſceptible of all kinds of
" impreſſions.—To theſe the chaſteſt images
" ſhould be preſented, for theſe the pureſt
" pictures painted and ſelected.—Vice ſhould
" be repreſented as it really is, attended with
" that trouble and confuſion that ſhould de-
" ter the wandering feet of innocence and
" credulity from treading in her paths; and
" where it is neceſſary to give a looſe to in-
" vention, the greateſt care ſhould be taken,
" not to paſs the line of decency. Novels
" written with this reſpect might be made
" ſubſervient to the beſt and nobleſt pur-
" poſes. Were I a deſpotic prince, I would
" ſooner hang a man that wrote a work of
" direct, or indirect tendency to corrupt the
" morals of youth, than one who committed
" a robbery on the high road. We degenerate,

" we

" we deſcend into the depravities of our na-
" ture too ſoon, and too eaſily; we want no
" enticements of this, or any other kind."

Soph. This Extract makes its own apology.—It is in your favour.

Euph. I have ſelected ſuch paſſages as ſpeak the language of truth, candour, and impartiality, without conſidering whether they favoured my own opinions or not.—I find one more Extract, but thro' inadvertency I have omitted the name of the book from whence it is taken.

" The effects of Romance, and true Hiſ-
" tory upon young minds is not very diffe-
" rent. The great and important duty of a
" writer is, to point out the difference be-
tween Virtue and Vice, to ſhew one re-
" warded and the other puniſhed; for young
" people pay more regard to preſent good,
" than to future recompenſe,—it is by de-
" grees that they underſtand, and admit
" with reluctance, theſe wholeſome and ne-
" ceſſary truths. It is of the utmoſt conſe-
" quence that theſe diſtinctions ſhould be
" enforced

" enforced in the ſtrongeſt manner, that they
" may be excited to copy good, and avoid
" evil actions. The dulleſt book that ever
" was written with a moral view, is preferable
" to the moſt witty and elegant where theſe
" diſtinctions are overthrown. How dan-
" gerous and deſtructive is it then to ſuffer
" young people to read books where Vice is
" palliated and extenuated, and even recom-
" mended under other names, where forni-
" cation is called gallantry—diſſipation plea-
" ſure—prodigality generoſity—and ſelfiſh-
" neſs a due regard to one's own intereſt.—
" What puniſhment do ſuch men deſerve,
" who write with a deſign to gratify the va-
" nities, the follies, the paſſions, the vices
" of youth, and furniſh them with excuſes
" for the moſt atrocious actions?—The poor
" pilferer who ſteals to ſupply his natural
" wants is hanged, and theſe pernicious mem-
" bers of ſociety, are rewarded for poiſoning
" the morals of the riſing generation.—How
" weak, how ineffectual are human laws to
" anſwer their intended purpoſes; and bad

" as

" as the world is, it would be much worſe,
" if it were not for the interpoſition of a ſu-
" perior law, in caſes which no human one
" can reach."

Hort. This laſt Extract is clearly in my favour, but I reſpect too much your candour and impartiality to make an unfair uſe of it.

Euph. I thank you for this conceſſion.—We are not very different in opinion,—I would exclude books of bad tendency from the hands of youth, as ſtrongly as yourſelf, but I would ſeparate the *grain* from the *chaff.*

Soph. It is now that I may enter upon my office of Moderator.—*Hortenſius* would prohibit the reading all Novels in order to exclude the bad ones.—*Euphraſia* would make a ſeparation in favour of works of Genius, taſte and morality; ſhe would recommend ſuch methods of preventing the miſchiefs ariſing from novel reading, as are moderate, prudent, and above all *practicable.*—

The objections to bad books of this ſpecies, are equally applicable to all other kinds of writing,—indecent novels, indecent plays, eſſays,

eſſays, memoirs, dialogues are equally to be exploded: but it does not follow that all theſe kinds of writing are to be extirpated, becauſe ſome are bad.—By the ſame kind of reaſoning we might plead for the prohibition of all kinds of writing; for excellent and unexceptionable works of every ſpecies, may be contraſted with vicious and immoral ones. All theſe objections amount to no more than that bad books are bad things;—but ſhall we therefore prohibit reading?

Hort. You have ſpoken to ſome purpoſe.—I know that mine is an *Utopian* ſcheme; and I acknowledge that *Euphraſia*'s is practicable, if parents and guardians would give due attention to it.

Euph. Then we are agreed at laſt,—Selection is to be ſtrongly recommended, and good books to be carefully choſen by all that are concerned in the education of youth.—In order to make this work of ours of ſome public utility, I would recommend ſome that may properly be given to children even from their infancy, and as they grow up towards

maturity :—that is to ſay, if my friends think it worthy to be offered to the public.

Hort. Why, if you will do it in your own name I have no objection,—but I ſhould not chooſe that mine ſhould appear in print.

Euph. I will ſo diſguiſe it that you ſhall not know yourſelf, and *Sophronia* likewiſe ſhall appear in Maſquerade.

Soph. I leave it entirely to you to diſpoſe of me, in whatever way you think moſt proper for your ſervice.

Hort. I am thinking, that from your part in our paſt converſations, any perſon who did not know you well, would conclude that your principal, if not only ſtudy, had been Romances and Novels.

Euph. I am under no concern on that account, it is not of any conſequence how much or how little one knows, but the uſe one makes of the knowledge one has acquired.—If like the induſtrious bee I have cull'd from various flowers my ſhare of Honey, and ſtored it in the common Hive, I ſhall have performed the duties of a good citizen of the Republic of letters, and I ſhall not have lived in vain.

Hor

Hort. You are entitled to this approbation from your intention,—and further—

Euph. No further I beſeech you. If you pay me any compliments, I ſhall be obliged to expunge them from my copy.—If my work deſerves public approbation, I truſt it will meet with it.

Soph. I am concerned that you ſhould have limited yourſelf to a year, for I have wiſhed you to ſpeak of ſome books of later date.

Euph. As Novels I cannot, but only as books deſerving public honours, on the ſcore of public utility.—As ſuch I have a deſire to mention the works of the Counteſs of *Genlis*. —*The Theatre of Education* for young people, an excellent work.—And her other Publications, *Theodore and Adelaide*, and the *Tales of the Caſtle*, are a ſchool for Parents, Guardians and Preceptors.—I had rather be the Author of ſuch books as theſe, than be reckoned the firſt wit of the Age.

Soph. You have done them juſtice, but there are ſome Novels of merit within the laſt ten years.

Euph. The public will do them juſtice, and time will ſhew, whether they owed their ſucceſs to intrinſic merit, or to the caprice of faſhion. I will not be drawn in to ſay any thing more of them.

Hort. We will not urge you any further,—you have fully executed the plan you laid down, and we leave the concluſion to you.

Euph. Here then I conclude, and thank you for your aſſiſtance, and the patience with which you have attended me in my progreſs. As ſoon as I have made out my liſt of books, I will return your viſit, *Hortenſius*, and deſire your opinion upon it.

Hort. I ſhall hope for that pleaſure ſoon.—I now take my leave wiſhing you the beſt reward of your labours, Fame and Profit!

Soph. I join heartily in the ſame wiſh.

Euph. Every kind of happineſs attend you my good friends!—For what remains, I ſhall (without aſking the aid of puffing, or the influence of the tide of faſhion,) leave the deciſion to an impartial and diſcerning public.

THE

THE Author of the *Progreſs of Romance*, does not preſume to direct ſuch Parents and Guardians in the choice of books for youth, as are qualified to ſelect them; but only to offer to thoſe, who have not thought much upon the ſubject themſelves, and thoſe who commit the charge of education to others; a liſt of ſuch books as may be put into the hands of children with ſafety, and alſo with advantage. This liſt is confined to books in our own language, and is intended chiefly for the female ſex. It is certainly the duty of every Mother, to conſider ſeriouſly, the conſequences of ſuffering children to read all the books that fall in their way indiſcriminately. It is alſo a very bad and too frequent practice, to give them books above their years and underſtandings, by the reading of which they ſeem to the partial parent to acquire a prematurity of knowledge; while

in

in reality, they are far more ignorant, than thoſe who advance ſlowly and ſurely,—whoſe underſtandings are gradually cultivated, without being over-loaded,—and whoſe reaſon is aſſiſted gently and carefully, till it attains its full maturity.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

A Little Spelling-Book for Children.
J. Newberry's Books for Children.
Marſhal's Books for Children.
Mrs. Barbauld's Leſſons for Children.
An eaſy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature, and the Study of the Scriptures, by Mrs. Trimmer.
Sacred Hiſtory ſelected from the Scriptures, by Mrs. Trimmer.
Reading made eaſy—the beſt Edition.
Fenning's Spelling-Book.
Dodſley's Fables, ancient and modern.
Leſſing's Fables,—tranſlated from the German.
Gay's Fables.

Cotton'

Cotton's Viſions.
Female Academy, or Hiſtory of Mrs. Teachum.
Oeconomy of Human Life.
Madame de Lambert's Advice to a Son and Daughter.
Magazin des Enfans,—tranſlated.
Madame Bonne,—tranſlated.
Geography for Children.
Hiſtory of England,—Queſtion and Anſwer.
Roman Hiſtory,—ditto.
Grecian Hiſtory,—ditto.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

A Father's Inſtructions, by Dr. Percival.
A Father's Legacy, by Dr. Gregory.
Mrs. Talbot's Meditations for every Day in the Week.
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Moral and Entertaining.
Mrs. Chapone's Works.
Mrs. H. More's Sacred Dramas, and Search after Happineſs.

Moore's

Moore's Fables for the Female Sex.
Galateo, or the Art of Politeneſs.
The Lady's Preceptor.
The Geographical Grammar.
Lowth's Engliſh Grammar.
The Spectator.
The Guardian.
The Adventurer.
Rambler.
The Connoiſſeur.
Nature Diſplayed.
Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds.
Telemachus.
Travels of Cyrus.
Theatre of Education, by Madame Genlis.
Tales of the Caſtle, by the ſame.
Richardſon's Works.
Fordyce's Sermons to young Women.
Maſon on Self Knowledge.
The Speaker, by Dr. Enfield.

FINIS.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHAROBA,

QUEEN OF ÆGYPT.

TAKEN FROM A

ISTORY OF ANCIENT ÆGYPT,

ACCORDING TO THE

TRADITIONS OF THE ARABIANS.

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHAROBA,

QUEEN OF ÆGYPT.

CHAROBA, was the only daughter and heir of *Totis* king of *Ægypt*; who was likewiſe called *Pharaon*, and *Pheron*, by other nations.

In the reign of *Totis*, *Abraham* the beloved of GOD came into *Ægypt*; and it is written, that he would have corrupted *Sarah* the wife of *Abraham*, but GOD puniſhed the king, and delivered his ſervants. Afterwards *Totis* ſhewed them great reſpect, and offered them gold and treaſures, but they refuſed them.

them. Then he recommended *Sarah* to his daughter *Charoba*, and deſired her to ſhew her ſome tokens of reſpect. *Charoba* was a young and blooming Virgin, handſome, ingenious, and of a generous ſpirit, ſhe took *Sarah* into her friendſhip, ſhewed her all kinds of honour, and ſent her many rich preſents.—*Sarah* brought them all to *Abraham*, and aſked his advice concerning them; he ordered her to reſtore them, and to ſay that they had no need of them.—*Sarah* therefore returned them all to *Charoba*, who was ſurprized, and acquainted her father with all that had paſſed, which increaſed his admiration of them; ſeeing they refuſed all thoſe things, which others the moſt eagerly ſought, and uſed every means to obtain. And he ſaid unto his daughter,—"Theſe are perſons of high eſtimation, who are full of holineſs and ſincerity, and are not covetous of periſhable goods;—*Charoba* do whatever you can to ſhew them honour, that they may leave their bleſſing with us when they depart our country.

After

After this, *Charoba* gave *Hagar* unto *Sarah*, who was in due time the mother of our father *Iſhmael* (GOD's peace be with him !)—*Hagar* was a beautiful young maiden, a Copteſs by nation. When ſhe was preſented to *Sarah*, *Charoba* ſaid—" Behold thy recompence," therefore *Sarah* called her *Agar*.

When Abraham had reſolved to return out of *Ægypt* into *Syria*, *Charoba* provided many baſkets of proviſion of all kinds, with preſerved fruits and many excellent things to eat by the way; ſaying " theſe things are only " for your accommodation by the way, and " not to enrich you."

Sarah told *Abraham* of this, and he permitted her to accept this preſent, ſaying, " there was no harm in receiving it from " the generous princeſs." *Totis* requeſted of *Abraham* that he would pray to GOD for his benediction of his country.—*Abraham* therefore prayed to GOD for *Ægypt* and its inhabitants.—He alſo gave his benediction to the *Nile*, and told *Totis* that his family ſhould reign there for many ages.—Likewiſe he gave his

his benediction to *Charoba*, and *Sarah* gave her the hand of friendſhip, and they departed out of *Ægypt*.

Charoba cauſed mules to be loaden with her proviſions, and ſent her own people to conduct them till they were gotten quite out of *Ægypt*.

Being got a good way on their journey, *Abraham* ſaid unto *Sarah*, "Give us to eat "ſome of thoſe proviſions which the princeſs "of *Ægypt* gave unto you." Then *Sarah* ordered the baſkets to be ſet before them, and they, and their companions alſo, eat of the proviſions.—And they did ſo many days. —But when they came to the laſt baſket, they found it full of precious jewels, and curious things, and changes of garments.—Whereupon *Abraham* ſaid, "This princeſs hath de-"ceived us, and obliged us to accept of her "treaſures.—Great GOD, give her ſubtilty to "deceive her enemies, and to vanquiſh all "thoſe who ſhall ariſe to do her harm, and "to ſtrive with her for her land! Bleſs her "in her country, and in her river, and make

"that

" that country a place of plenty, ſafety, and " proſperity !"

When the beloved of GOD was come into the land of *Syria*, he ſpent thoſe gifts in pious works,—in lodging and feeding pilgrims, and in making many wells, which he ordered to be common. He alſo bought flocks and herds, which he ſet apart for all travellers,—for the poor and needy,—for the lame and the blind : and GOD gave him his benediction, and cauſed his riches to increaſe and multiply. Alſo GOD gave him children after a long time and in his old age :—firſt *Hagar* bore him a ſon which was our father *Iſhmael*; and after ſome years *Sarah* likewiſe bare a ſon.—and *Hagar* and her ſon left *Syria* and went into *Arabia*.—And *Hagar* ſent a meſſenger to *Charoba*, to acquaint her tha ſhe had borne a ſon, whereat *Charoba* rejoiced, and ſent her abundance of gold, and jewels, and fine *Ægyptian* linen, to dreſs her ſon withal. Out of theſe treaſures *Hagar* provided ornaments for the ſquare temple at *Mecca*, and ſhe alſo eſtabliſhed a porter in the ſame temple.

Totis

Totis king of *Ægypt*, lived till after that time, and *Hagar* ſent him word that ſhe had a ſtrong and valiant ſon ; but that they lived in a barren land, and prayed him to ſupply them with proviſions.

To this end, *Totis* cauſed a channel to be made on the Eaſtern ſide of *Ægypt*, and brought into it the water of the *Nile*, ſo that it carried veſſels into the ſalt ſea, which is the channel of the Red Sea.—By this way he cauſed Wheat to be ſent to *Hagar* and her ſon, and many other preſents.—They went by water as far as *Gedde*, and from thence were carried to *Mecca* on the backs of beaſts. —By theſe means God preſerved the inhabitants of *Mecca*, and relieved their wants ; —therefore the *Arabians* ſpoke well of *Totis*, and called him the *juſt*, as having performed the promiſes he made them, and given proofs of his good will to them.—Nevertheleſs, *Totis* was more feared than beloved in his own Country, for he did many unjuſt and cruel actions. Moreover he put many people to death, and particularly thoſe of his own family,

family, even his neareſt relations; and this he did out of jealouſy of them, leſt they ſhould deprive his daughter of the crown after his death:—but *Charoba* was of a mild and gentle diſpoſition, always endeavouring to prevent the ſhedding of blood. She was alſo of a great capacity and ingenuity:—ſhe concealed a near kinſman from the King's cruelty, and preſerved him and his family; one of which ſhe afterwards appointed to ſucceed her on the throne, as we ſhall ſhew hereafter.

Totis in his old age, was hated and feared by all the nobility; and even *Charoba* dreaded his cruelty. She alſo ſuſpected that they would take away the Crown from his poſterity; therefore, it was ſurmiſed, that ſhe connived at the conſpiracy againſt his life; for he was poiſoned, but no man knew by what means, or by what perſons.

After *Totis* was dead, the people could not, at firſt, agree about a ſucceſſor:—Some ſaid they would have the race of *Abribus*, one of their ancient princes,—others would have a new

new family called to the throne:—moſt of them objected to the government of a woman.—While they were thus undetermined, one of the Viziers roſe up, and ſpoke thus to them.

"My friends,—*Charoba* is a woman of "great underſtanding, ſhe is likewiſe of a "mild and merciful diſpoſition;—there is no "reaſon why ſhe ſhould be excluded from "the ſucceſſion:—moreover the good man "that came from *Syria* and his wife have "given her their benedictions:—ſhe is be-"loved by all that are acquainted with her "noble qualities, and if you take the crown "from her and give it to another, you will "certainly have cauſe to repent of your pre-"cipitation."

The people on better conſideration, inclined to this good advice, and the grandees of the kingdom by degrees came into it: ſo they deputed this Vizier to go to *Charoba*, and in their name, intreat her to fill the vacant throne. So that Vizier placed *Charoba*, in the royal ſeat.—The firſt time ſhe ſate on the royal

royal throne, ſhe gave great ſums away to the people; ſhewing great liberality, and promiſing much happineſs to all her ſubjects,—ſhe doubled the pay of the ſoldiers,—ſhe honoured the prieſts and ſages, and the chiefs of the nobility.—She likewiſe countenanced the magicians and their fraternity,—ſhe cauſed the temples to be repaired and enlarged, and built many public edifices. She reigned many years wiſely and happily; and ſhe remembered the benediction of *Abraham*, and believed that by the protection of his GOD, ſhe ſubdued all her enemies, and was reſpected by her people.

After a long time, it happened that *Gebirus* the *Metaphequian* heard of her fame; and he was minded to pay her a viſit, and oblige her to marry him.—*Gebirus* was of a gigantic ſtature, and deſcended from the race of the *Gadites*, and when he ſat on the ground ſeemed as high as the talleſt man,—he was ſtrong of body, and fierce of diſpoſition,—he had a diſtemper in his body that gave him conſtant pain;—his phyſicians adviſed him to ſeek out another country, the ſoil

ſoil of which, with the air and water were more ſuitable to his temperament.

They gave him ſuch an account of the land of *Ægypt*, that he reſolved to go and take up his abode there.—He called together all his people,—he diſtributed money and arms among them, and then declared to them his deſign of taking poſſeſſion of the land of *Ægypt*; and flattered them with the hopes of victory, reward, and a ſettlement, in a country that was the garden of the world.—Soon after he began his march, and took with him five thouſand *Gadites*, men of great ſtature and ſtrength; every one of which carried a large ſtone upon his head, and was completely armed. He travelled till he came to the borders of *Ægypt*, and then ſent a meſſage to the Queen, deſiring to know in what place ſhe choſe he ſhould enter *Ægypt*; for he was unwilling to oppoſe her in any thing, but would appear to be obedient to all her commands.—His deſign was to marry her, and make himſelf King of *Ægypt*; or, in caſe ſhe refuſed him, to dam up the courſe of the *Nile*, with the ſtones his people

people brought upon their heads,—to turn the channel into another country and ſo make the *Ægyptians* die of famine, and to ruin their country. He ſent a ſplendid Embaſſy to *Charoba*, bragging of his ſtrength and riches, and offering himſelf to be her huſband.

Charoba had a woman ſervant, who had been her nurſe,—an artful, ſubtle, contriving woman, and a great Enchantreſs.—*Charoba* conſulted her in all affairs, and adviſed with her on this emergency.—She gave her advice to this effect.—"It ſeems to me that there is "no probability of defeating theſe huge bo- "dies by fighting, we muſt rather ſubdue "them by ſtratagem: And to this end, we "muſt manage our buſineſs ſo, that they may "neither do harm to you, nor your ſub- "jects.—I will therefore, with your permiſ- "ſion, go myſelf to him and give an anſwer "to his embaſſy in your name."

The Queen bade her do what ſeemed beſt to her. She ordered many of her ſervants to wait upon the nurſe, to do her honour in the

the ſight of the Prince, and to ſhew that ſhe was highly eſteemed by her miſtreſs.

The nurſe took with her, preſents of the moſt valuable things in *Ægypt*,—precious ſtones, carved works, preſerved fruits, coſtly garments, perfumes, arms, fine tempered ſwords, &c.—She preſented all theſe rarities to *Gebirus*, which he willingly received, and afterwards enquired what anſwer ſhe brought to his ſuit.—" Great King," ſaid ſhe, " my miſtreſs is ſenſible of your va-
" lour and merit, and is far from refuſing
" ſo advantageous an offer; but ſhe muſt
" wait for a proper time, before ſhe can re-
" ward your love according to your de-
" ſerts.—The nobility are jealous of a fo-
" reign prince; and ſhe muſt manage with
" them ſo as to bring them to agree, and to
" receive you as their ſovereign lord; in the
" mean time you muſt ſhew readineſs to obey
" all her commands;—to reſide where ſhe
" ſhall appoint, and to do what ſhe ſhall re-
" quire, and ſhe will take care to provide for
" you and your ſervants." He returned for

anſwer.

anſwer.—" If ſhe will receive me for her huſ-
" band, I am ready to obey her commands
" in all things; and if the nobility refuſe to
" accept me for a King, let her call upon me,
" and I will compel them to her will:—and
" tell her for a marriage gift, I will bring
" her whatever ſhe pleaſes to aſk of me."—
" My Queen," replied this cunning ambaſ-
ſadreſs, " needs not any thing of yours,
" ſeeing, that all the riches on both ſides, will
" henceforward be in common between you:
" but while ſhe is employed in promoting
" your intereſt and happineſs, ſhe deſires that
" inſtead of a marriage preſent, you will
" cauſe a city to be built on that ſide next the
" great ſea, that it may be an honorable mark
" of your affection to her even to the end of
" the world.—And that it may be a diſco-
" very of your great power, and ſtrength, ſhe
" would have you employ in this work, thoſe
" great ſtones and pillars, which ſhe is in-
" formed you brought up to dam the chan-
" nel of the *Nile*;—by this you will give
" proof of your good intentions towards
" the

" the inhabitants of *Ægypt*, and you will gain
" their love and duty towards you.—
" Moreover when this work is finiſhed, ſhe
" will over-rule all other difficulties, and
" make you her huſband before all the
" world."

The King was exceeding glad at this propoſal, and granted her requeſt.—And ſo it was agreed between them that he ſhould enter *Ægypt* on the weſt ſide, and that he ſhould found a city there; which was in the ſame place where *Alexandria* now ſtandeth. So he encamped his army on the ſea-ſide, and *Charoba* ſent proviſions for him and his people.

Now there were the ruins of a city in that place, which city was founded by *Sedad* the ſon of *Gad*, who was a great King, and purpoſed to bring thither whatever was rare and precious in all parts of the world. But the deſtroyer of caſtles prevented him, even Death, which none can eſcape or avoid.—There were many remains of this ancient city, and *Gebirus* cauſed to be brought thither, all

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the ſtones and the pillars he had brought into *Ægypt*. And he aſſembled the engineers and the artiſts from all thoſe parts, and they made a model for the new city; and *Charoba* ſent him a thouſand workmen. Now the nurſe who was *Charoba*'s confident, by her orders, conſulted the magicians; and they by their arts, employed certain demons of the ſea, to obſtruct the buildings; ſo that *Gebirus* ſpent a long time in building, and yet the city advanced very little: for whenever the buildings were nearly finiſhed; while the workmen took their reſt by night, the demons of the ſea came and pulled down the buildings, and deſtroyed them; at which *Gebirus* was greatly troubled and afflicted, until he underſtood the reaſon, by means of a ſtrange adventure that befell him.

Charoba had ſent a thouſand goats and ſheep, which were milked every day for the King's kitchen. They were kept by a young ſhepherd to whom *Gebirus* gave the charge of them,—he had other ſhepherds under him,

and they led their flocks out to graze every day by the ſea-ſide.

Now the chief ſhepherd was a beautiful perſon, and of a goodly ſtature and aſpect. One day when he had committed his flocks to the other ſhepherds, and wandered far away from them; he ſaw a fair young lady riſing out of the ſea, who walked towards him and ſaluted him graciouſly.—He returned her ſalutation and ſhe began to converſe with him.—"Young "man,"—ſaid ſhe, "will you wreſtle with me "for a wager that I ſhall lay againſt you?"—"What will you lay, fair lady," ſaid the ſhepherd, "and what can I ſtake againſt you?"—"If you give me a fall," ſaid the lady, "I "will be yours and at your diſpoſal;—and if "I give you a fall, you ſhall give me a "beaſt, out of your flock."—"I am con-"tent,"—ſaid the ſhepherd,—ſo he went towards her, and ſhe met him, and wreſtled with him, and preſently gave him a fall. She then took a beaſt out of the flock, and carried it away with her into the ſea.

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She came every evening afterwards, and did the ſame, until the ſhepherd was deſperately in love with her:—ſo the flock was diminiſhed, and the ſhepherd was pining away with love and grief.

One day King *Gebirus*, paſſing by the ſhepherd, found him ſitting very penſive by his flocks: ſo he came near and ſpoke to him:—"What misfortune hath befallen thee ſhepherd?—why art thou ſo altered and dejected?—thy flock alſo diminiſhes, and gives leſs milk every day?"—Upon this the ſhepherd took courage, and told the King all that had befallen him with the lady of the ſea.—Which when *Gebirus* heard he was aſtoniſhed, and in doubt whether to believe him.—"At what time," ſaid he, "does this lady viſit thee?"—"Every evening," reply'd the ſhepherd, "when the ſun is juſt ready to ſet."—"Take off thy upper garment," ſaid the King, "and thy bonnet alſo,—give them to me, and retire thyſelf a little way out of ſight."—And the ſhepherd did ſo. So

the King put on the ſhepherd's upper garment, and his bonnet, and ſat down in his place.

At the accuſtomed time, the young lady came out of the ſea, and ſaluted the King who returned her ſalutation.—" Wilt thou " wreſtle any more with me upon the ſame " terms?" ſaid ſhe.—" Yes with all my " heart," ſaid the King. So he came towards her, and gave her a fall preſently, and cruſh'd her very much.—She cried out to him to ſpare her, ſaying, " you are not my ordinary " match."—" No," ſaid the King, " I am " his maſter."—" Then," ſaid ſhe, " put me " into his hands, ſince I am taken; for he " has treated me courteouſly, and I have tor- " mented his heart with love and grief:— " mean time he hath captivated me, as I " have him, and I will at laſt reward his " love.—If thou wilt reſign me to my ſhep- " herd, I will in requital, teach thee how to " compleat thy buildings, and the city which " thou haſt begun." He then promiſed to give her to the ſhepherd, upon condition, that ſhe would tell him from whence came

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the misfortunes that happened to his buildings, and the means whereby he might finiſh them. —" Know then, O King!" ſaid ſhe, " that " this land of *Ægypt*, is full of magicians " and enchanters; and that the ſea is full " of demons and ſpirits, which aſſiſt them to " carry on their affairs,—to build, and to de- " ſtroy. Theſe are they who pull down thy " buildings, and obſtruct thy city."—" And " what muſt I do to prevent them?"—ſaid the King.

So ſhe taught him to make certain ſtatues of copper, and ſtone, and earth, and wood, and ſet them along by the ſea-ſide, and ſhe taught him to ſet ſpells upon them; ſo that when the demons of the ſea came up to de- ſtroy the buildings, they ſaw the ſtatues and returned back into the ſea.

So ſhe went and abode with the ſhepherd every day, but every night ſhe returned into the ſea.

From this time, the buildings of *Gebirus* advanced, and he compleated many ſtructures as he had deſired. Then *Gebirus* had another

conference with the lady of the ſea, and he ſpoke thus to her.

" Behold I have expended all the money " that I brought hither, and the city is not " yet finiſhed, and I have no more money. " Canſt thou not diſcover to me any hidden " treaſures in this land whereby I may finiſh " my city, and not leave off my work to my " diſgrace and ſorrow."—The lady replied— " There is much treaſure in this ruined city, " and I will inſtruct thee how to find it.— " On the north ſide of your buildings there is " a round place,—on the outſide are ſeven " pillars, with a brazen ſtatue on the top of " each of them.—Thou ſhalt ſacrifice a fat bull " to every one of thoſe ſtatues, and cauſe the " pillar under it to be rubb'd with the blood " of the bull; then perfume it with the hair " of his tail, and ſhavings of his horns and " hoofs. Then thou ſhalt ſay unto it,— " Behold the offering I make to thee,—let " me have that which is under thee, and " about thee."—Having ſaid and done thus " to every one of them, meaſure from every

" pillar,

" pillar, on that ſide the face of the ſtatue
" is turned towards, fifty cubits.—Then let
" thy people dig there.—You ſhall do all this
" when the moon is at the full.—After you
" have digged thirty cubits, you will find a
" great door; cauſe it to be rubb'd with the
" gall of the bulls, and then take it away.—
" You ſhall then deſcend into a cave, fifty
" cubits in length. In it you will find a
" ſtorehouſe made faſt with a lock, and the
" Key will be under the threſhold of the door;
" take it and rub the door with the remain-
" der of the bulls galls, and perfume it with
" ſhavings of the horns and hoofs, and the
" hair of the tails, and then the door
" ſhall open.—You ſhall then wait a while,
" till the winds that are encloſed within
" get vent; and when they are calmed, you
" may enter. At the entrance, you will meet
" with a ſtatue of braſs, having about its
" neck, a plate of the ſame metal; on which
" is written a catalogue of all the treaſures in
" theſe ſtorehouſes, of which you may take
" what you pleaſe. You ſhall make no ſtay

" before

" before a dead perſon, whom you ſhall ſee " there, laid upon a bed with regal orna- " ments. Let not what is about him, of " jewels and precious things, excite your " envy or covetouſneſs; but, having taken " away what is ſufficient for your occaſions, " depart immediately; making faſt the doors, " and covering the place with earth as you " found it.—Know alſo that there are ſtore- " houſes under every pillar and its ſtatue; for " they are the tombs of ſeven Kings, who are " buried there with all their treaſures."

Gebirus, was extremely ſatisfied with this account which the nymph gave him; he thanked her much, and went immediately, and did all things that ſhe had ordered; and he found immenſe wealth and treaſures, and many rare and admirable things.—By theſe means he completed the buildings of his city.

When *Charoba* heard that the city was almoſt finiſhed, ſhe was afflicted, and fell into great perturbation of mind: for ſhe meant only to weary out the King, and to reduce him to an impoſſibility.

After

After the city was finiſhed, *Gebirus* ſent ſome of his chief men, with the tidings to *Charoba;* and invited her to come and ſee it.—She was almoſt overwhelmed with grief and apprehenſion, that ſhe ſhould now be compelled to marry:—but her nurſe comforted her with theſe words.—"Do not yet "deſpair, my royal miſtreſs!—give not your-"ſelf further trouble concerning this auda-"cious man.—Leave him to me, and I will "ſhortly put it out of his power to give you "any further concern, or to do you miſchief."

She returned with the meſſengers to *Gebirus*, and carried with her fine tapeſtry of great value, as a preſent from her miſtreſs. —"Let this be put over the ſeat on which "the King ſitteth," ſaid ſhe, "then let him "divide his people into three parties, and "ſend them forward to meet the Queen, who "will give them ſuch treatment as they de-"ſerve. When the firſt party ſhall be about "a third part of the way, you ſhall ſend "away the ſecond; and when the ſecond "are got to their ſtation, you ſhall ſend away "the

" the third :—thus they ſhall be diſperſed
" about the country for the Queen's ſafety,
" and he ſhall have no cauſe to fear the de-
" ſigns of her enemies,—ſhe will be attend-
" ed by the King's ſervants only, and when
" they return ſhe will come with them."

So *Gebirus* ſent away his ſervants, according to her inſtructions, and ſhe continued ſending him rich preſents every day, till ſuch time as ſhe knew that the firſt party were arrived at their ſtation.

Then by her orders there were tables ſet before them covered with refreſhments of all kinds ; but they were all poiſoned meats.—And while they ſat down to eat ; the Queen's men and maid-ſervants ſtood all around them, with umbrellas and fans to keep them cool ;—alſo their liquors were cooled. So while they ſat at the tables they all died from the firſt to the laſt.—Then the Queen's ſervants went forwards to meet the ſecond party, which they treated in the ſame manner.—Then they removed to the third party, and ſerved them as they had done the others.—So the Queen's ſervants

ſervants went forward; and a part of the Queen's army followed them, and they buried all the dead bodies.

Then the Queen, ſent a meſſage to the King, that ſhe had left his army in and about her own city of *Maſar*, and that ſhe was coming to meet him ſpeedily.—So ſhe ſet forward with many attendants, and her nurſe met her, and accompanied her to the city of the King.

When ſhe drew near the palace, the King roſe up, and went forward to meet her. Then the nurſe threw over his ſhoulders a regal garment, which was poiſoned, and which ſhe had prepared for that purpoſe; afterwards ſhe blew a fume into his face, which almoſt deprived him of his ſenſes;—then ſhe ſprinkled him with a water that looſened all his joints, and deprived him of his ſtrength; ſo that he fell down in a ſwoon at the feet of *Charoba*.—The attendants raiſed him up and ſeated him in a chair of ſtate, and the nurſe ſaid unto him—"Is the King "well to night?"—He replied,—"A miſ-"chief on your coming hither!—may you be "treated

" treated by others as you have treated me ?—
" this only grieves me, that a man of ſtrength
" and valour ſhould be overcome by the ſub-
" tilty of a woman."—" Is there any thing
" you would aſk of me before you taſte of
" death ?" ſaid the Queen—" I would only
" intreat," ſaid he, " that the words I ſhall
" utter, may be engraven on one of the pil-
" lars of this palace which I have built."

Then ſaid *Charoba*, " I give thee my pro-
" miſe that it ſhall be done; and I alſo will
" cauſe to be engraven on another pillar—
" This is the fate of ſuch men as would com-
" pel Queens to marry them, and kingdoms
" to receive them for their Kings."—Tell us
now thy laſt words.

Then the King ſaid—" I *Gebirus*, the *Me-*
" *taphequian*, the ſon of *Gevirus*, that have
" cauſed marbles to be poliſhed,—both the
" red and the green ſtone to be wrought curi-
" ouſly; who was poſſeſſed of gold, and jew-
" els, and various treaſures; who have raiſed
" armies; built cities; erected palaces;—
" who have cut my way through mountains;

" have

" have ſtopped rivers; and done many great
" and wonderful actions;—with all this my
" power, and my ſtrength, and my valour,
" and my riches, I have been circumvented
" by the wiles of a woman; weak, impotent,
" and deceitful; who hath deprived me of
" my ſtrength and underſtanding; and fi-
" nally hath taken away my life:—Where-
" fore, whoever is deſirous to be great and
" to proſper; (though there is no certainty
" of long ſucceſs in this world,)—yet, let
" him put no truſt in a woman; but let
" him, at all times, beware of the craft and
" ſubtilty of a woman."

After ſaying theſe words, he fainted away, and they ſuppoſed him dead; but after ſome time he revived again.—*Charoba* comforted him, and renewed her promiſe to him.—Being at the point of death, he ſaid,—" Oh
" *Charoba!*—triumph not in my death!—for
" there ſhall come upon thee a day like unto
" this, and the time is not very far diſtant.—
" Then thou ſhalt reflect on the viciſſitudes
" of fortune, and the certainty of death."

Soon after this he expired.—*Charoba* ordered his body to be honourably interred in the city which he had built.—Afterwards, ſhe built an high tower in the ſame city; and cauſed to be engraven upon it her own name, and that of *Gebirus:* and an hiſtory of all that ſhe had done unto him, and alſo thoſe his laſt words.—So her fame went forth, and came to the ears of many Kings, and they feared and reſpected her. And ſhe received many offers of friendſhip and alliance; but *Charoba* remained a virgin to the end of her life.

Now it happened about three years after the death of *Gebirus*, that *Charoba* having embarked on board a ſmall veſſel, in which ſhe was wont to take her pleaſure upon the *Nile* by moon-light; went on ſhore with ſome of her attendants.

As they were returning to the ſhip, with great mirth and jollity, it ſo happened that the Queen trod upon a ſerpent; which turned again, and ſtung her in the heel; the pain whereof, took away her ſight.—Her women

comforted

comforted her,—ſaying, it would be nothing. —" You are deceived," ſaid ſhe.—" The " day is come with which *Gebirus* threatened " me: a day which all the great ones of the " earth muſt meet and ſubmit to.—Carry me " home immediately, that I may die there."

The day following *Charoba* died;—having firſt appointed *Dalica*, her kinſwoman to ſucceed her.—She was the daughter of that kinſman, whom *Charoba* preſerved from the cruelty of her father *Totis*.

So died *Charoba*, Queen of *Ægypt*; but her name died not with her, for it remaineth, and is honoured unto this day.

Queen *Dalica*, was endowed with beauty and wiſdom.—She followed the example of her predeceſſor, and governed her kingdom with great prudence.—She did many great works in *Ægypt*,—and cauſed many caſtles to be erected on the frontiers of the kingdom, to repel her enemies on whatever ſide they ſhould be attacked. She cauſed the body of *Charoba*, to be embalmed with camphire and ſpices; and it was carried into the

the city of *Gebirus*: for *Charoba* had cauſed her tomb to be prepared there in her life-time, and embelliſhed it with regal ornaments, and appointed prieſts to attend on it.

Queen *Dalica* ſolemnized the funeral of *Charoba* with great magnificence.—She made her ſubjects rich and happy by her wiſe government; and, after reigning ſeventy years in *Ægypt*, died alſo a virgin, and was ſucceeded by her ſiſter's ſon, *Ablinos*, whoſe poſterity wore the crown of *Ægypt* for many generations.

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